

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,032



SEPTEMBER 7, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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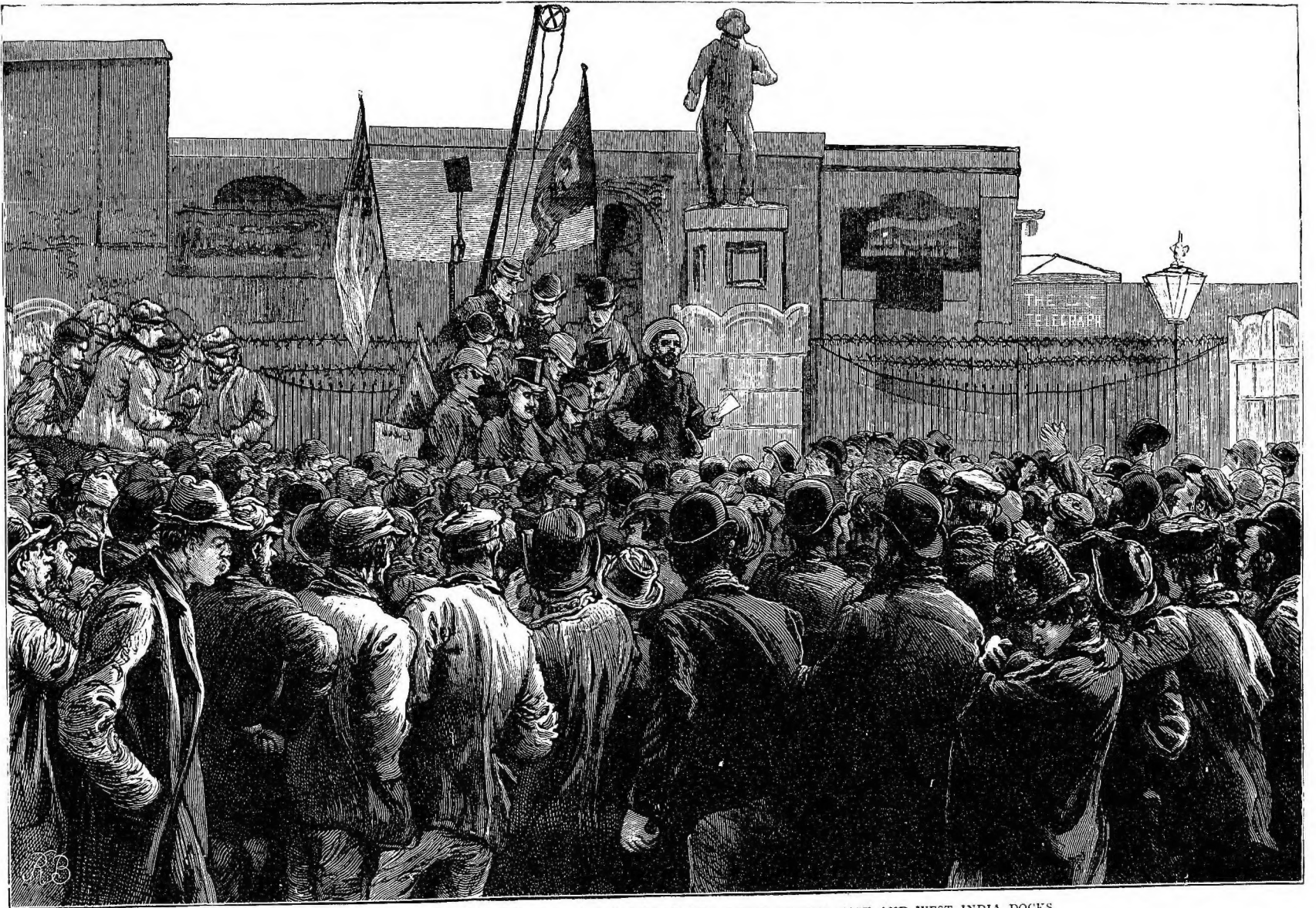
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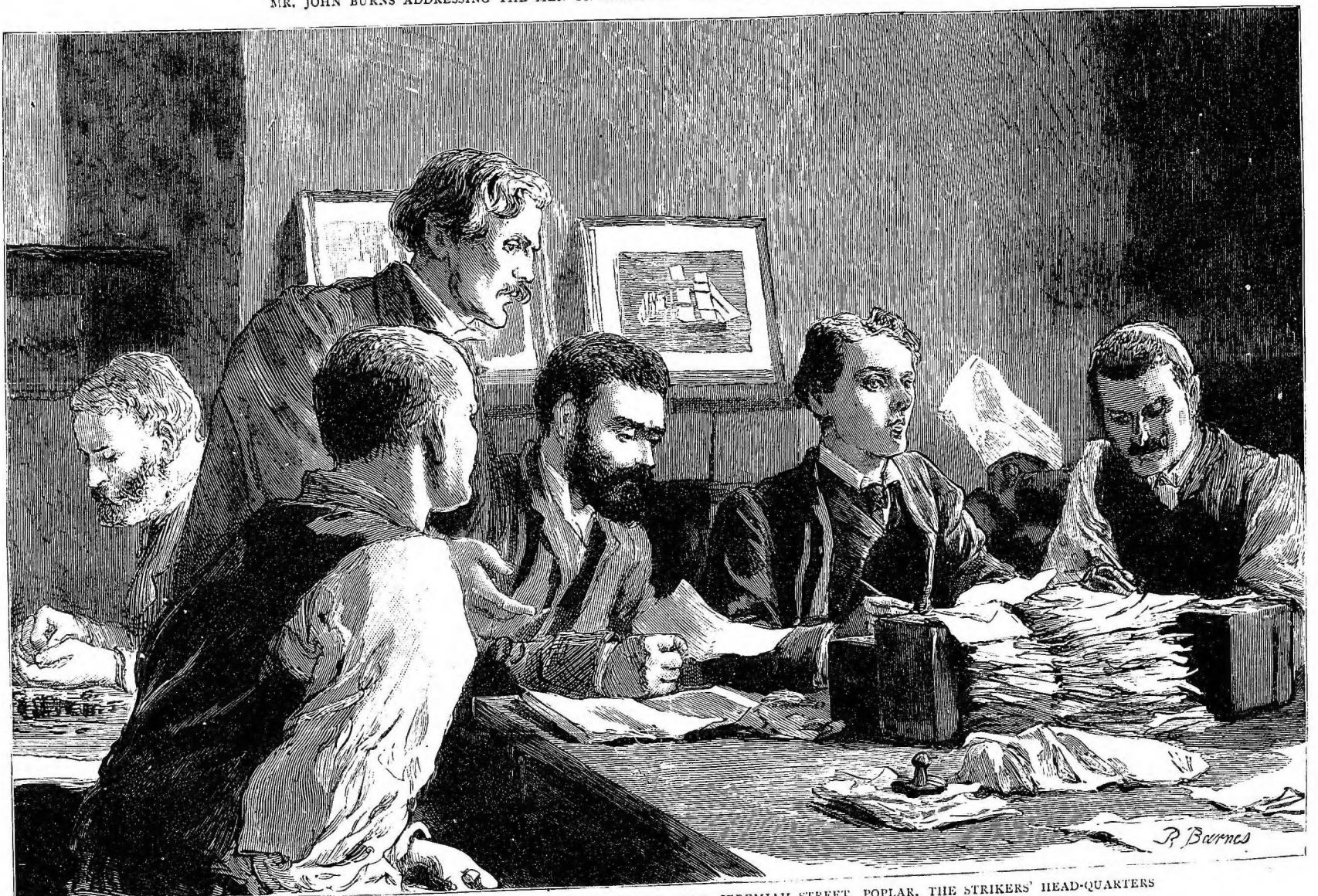
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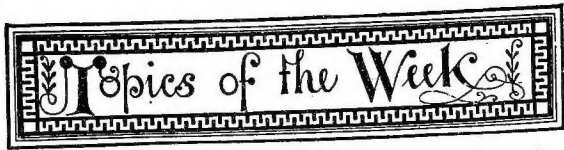


MR. JOHN BURNS ADDRESSING THE MEN ON STRIKE AT THE GATES OF THE EAST AND WEST INDIA DOCKS



THE FINANCE COMMITTEE ISSUING RELIEF TICKETS AT THE WADE ARMS, JEREMIAH STREET, POPLAR, THE STRIKERS' HEAD-QUARTERS  
THE GREAT STRIKE OF DOCK LABOURERS AT THE EAST END





**THE CHAMBERLAIN PROGRAMME.**—Birmingham is a veritable hotbed for "programmes." We should be afraid to estimate the number to which it has given birth during the last decade. Not bad ones, either, on the whole, even if somewhat savouring of *ballons d'essai*. Is Mr. Chamberlain's present remedial scheme for Ireland to be regarded in that light, or should we read Ministerial inspiration between the lines? The Government may possibly wish to feel the public pulse on the question of once more experimenting with a sop-to-Cerberus policy in Ireland. Be that as it may, the Chamberlain programme undoubtedly has some good features. It grips the central difficulty of all, the dual ownership of land, and proposes to substitute for it a peasant proprietary farming their own acres. This, it will be remembered, was the fundamental principle of Mr. Gladstone's ill-fated Land Bill, which did more to wreck his Ministry than all the rest of the Home Rule scheme. He might, therefore, taunt the Government with having appropriated his cast-off clothing. But Mr. Chamberlain could reply that the English people did not object to the expropriation of the Irish landlords by purchase, but to the financial methods by which that object was to be attained. The other two planks of the Birmingham platform are the extension of local government to the Sister Isle and the creation and endowment of a Roman Catholic University at Dublin. Mr. Chamberlain is all in favour of the former, considering that the time has come to assimilate local government throughout the kingdom. But he makes a wry face at denominational endowment, and one suspects that he would not have given it even a half approval but for the delightful prospect of using it as a wedge in the Separatist ranks.

**THE SHIPOWNERS AND THE DOCK COMPANIES.**—As we write the situation with regard to the strikers has altered very little since last week. Many of the workmen in other pursuits who struck out of sympathy with the "dockers" have returned to work, and a few of the weaker brethren among the dock-labourers themselves have also accepted the companies' terms. A few ships have been discharged, a few more have been loaded, but practically the situation is unaltered. The strikers still demand 6d. an hour, the Dock Committee still refuse to concede it, and the shipping trade of London is paralysed. That being so, it is hardly surprising that the shipowners should have made an attempt to obtain from the Dock Companies the right to discharge their ships themselves. This is a matter on which they have always been at issue. Already the shipowners in many cases load their own vessels; why should they not discharge them? Public sympathy was on the whole with the shipowners in this controversy. If the Dock Companies could have seen their way to consent, the bottom would have been knocked out of the strike at once, for the shipowners would have immediately conceded the desired sixpence. Still, the action of the companies in refusing is intelligible enough. They make a very small profit on their capital as it is—if they are to lose that part of it which is derived from the labour of the dockers, they will practically make no dividend at all. It is quite on the cards, however, that their refusal will not do them any good in the long run. The business of the two great companies, the P. and O. and the Castle Line, have temporarily been transferred to Southampton; if the strike continues much longer, the transfer will very likely become permanent. Mr. Norwood and the Dock Committee should remember that ancient proverb that "Half a loaf is better than no bread." Even if the concession of another penny an hour to the dockers were temporarily to deprive the shareholders of any dividend at all, it might still be more profitable in the long run to do that than to drive away from London its valuable shipping trade.

**BRITISH AFRICA.**—The Dark Continent is rapidly passing piecemeal into the proprietorship of the little Northern Kingdom whose inhabitants are always so shocked when any foreign State develops territorial acquisitiveness. British India is a pretty big appanage of the English Crown; but British Africa promises to become a bigger. So accustomed are the public to hear of annexations in that part of the world, that the fresh concession of territory made by the Sultan of Zanzibar to the British East African Company has scarcely excited comment. Yet it is a substantial addition to the British Empire, including, as it does, several hundred miles of littoral, some flourishing ports and settlements, and access to an almost limitless interior. The island and harbour of Lamu are by themselves very valuable acquisitions, as the Germans soon perceived when they began their East African adventure. Emboldened by the then sympathetic patronage of Prince Bismarck, their company laid claim to Lamu, and it nearly slipped out of our grip. But Sir William Mackinnon and Mr. George Mackenzie luckily had the tenacity of limpets—they held on tightly to the rights previously conceded by the Sultan; and now they have secured a good deal more, we fancy, than they ever

anticipated. And so it goes on, the "meteor flag" ever advancing northwards towards the Equator; while in Egypt the Britisher clamours loudly to be led south. Perhaps that may come to pass some day, though not just yet. The next undertaking is to absorb the huge tract lying between Lake Nyassa and the Transvaal. It is a considerable operation to be carried out by a trading company at its own risk; but there are capitalists of such boundless enterprise among us that they would undertake to "develop" the whole of the Dark Continent if guaranteed against foreign interference.

**THE TRADES UNIONISTS AND THE STRIKERS.**—There is a curious contrast to be drawn between the Trades Unionists who have been assembled in Congress at Dundee and the dock labourers who are on strike in London. They are both representatives, it is true, of Labour as opposed to Capital (which it never ought to be, by the by), but they represent the two ends of the industrial scale. At Dundee are assembled the aristocrats of Labour, the Shiptons and the Broadhursts, with their black coats and their shares in public companies; while in the East End there are the proletarians of Labour—the men who have hardly the right to be called labourers at all, so helpless and feeble they are. But the Trades Unionists doubtless thought to themselves as they put their hands into their well-lined pockets to find a trifle for their needier neighbours, "As these men are, so were we once." They have had their strikes and their time of trial, and it is by means of them that they are so powerful. And it is to be hoped that as the Trades Unionists are now so will the dockers be in future. The strike has taught them the value of combination, and when it is over they ought to set to work at once to form a strong Union of their own. Nothing will do so much to raise their status in the eyes of the world. The dock-labourer is now despised and pitied because every one who has slid down to the last rung of the ladder goes to the dock-gates and calls himself a dock-labourer, just as in the West every disorderly person of one sex is an "actress," and of the other a "medical student." But if to become a "dock-labourer" necessitated the same preliminaries as to become a miner or a cotton-weaver an enormous amount of floating wretchedness would at once be "levelled up" into comparative respectability. If Messrs. Burns and Tillett can succeed in starting a Dock-Labourers' Union on a sound basis they will have done a great deal more to benefit their fellow-men than all their oratory could ever have effected.

**HARVEST PROSPECTS.**—A week's warm weather has done wonders for the harvest. An immense quantity of corn has now been carted, and the latest samples shown on Mark Lane were dry and hard. Barley seems to have been "badly stained;" but, doubtless owing to the generally low temperature, "sprouting" is not reported from so many districts as there was reason to fear would be the case. In the Midland and Northern districts, of course, much ground has still to be cleared, and it would meanwhile be premature to pass a general verdict upon the harvest of 1889. Everything depends upon the character of the weather during the next three weeks, and few people, probably, would care to vouch for that, although the harvest-moon is doing her best to sustain her reputation. Prices, however, promise to rule much lower than last year, if not below those of 1887; and we are threatened once more with a discussion of the old conundrum, "Can wheat be grown to pay at thirty shillings a quarter?" Mr. Primrose McConnell (who combines the functions of a lecturer on Agricultural Science at Oxford with those of a practical farmer at the Scotch colony at Ongar) declares that it can. But many farmers would, we imagine, dispute his figures. The hop harvest always attracts a share of interest, and this is singular considering that the returns issued by the Agricultural Department during the week show that the acreage under hops is rapidly decreasing. There is a decrease of five thousand acres in Kent alone as compared with the figures for 1887. In Worcestershire and Herefordshire there is a small increase, and Cambridgeshire, it is interesting to know, has been added to the hop-growing counties; but the decline in their cultivation is still remarkable. As for the hop harvest, all the accounts are now rose-coloured. The year is phenomenal in the rapidity with which the "fruit" has matured. All varieties seem to have ripened at once, and picking is being pushed on at such a rate that there is not a single able-bodied woman left in the workhouses in Kent.

**THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.**—Most people now think that it was a faulty move when General Boulanger took to flight sooner than face the personal risk of trial. Will history pronounce similar judgment on his present alleged resolve to run the very risk which he then avoided? That question mainly depends upon the upshot of the forthcoming elections. Should they go in his favour, history will be pretty sure to applaud the combination of courage and good judgment which gave him the Dictatorship of France. That and nothing less is what he aims at, and the prize being so splendid, the stakes are necessarily high. There are some who imagine—the Comte de Paris seems to half incline to the same view—that General Boulanger might possibly be induced to play the part of General Monk. That remains to be seen; if he found himself too weak to stand on his own legs, he might use either Royalism or

Imperialism as a crutch. For the moment, the three parties stand on the same platform; antagonistic as they are in their aims and principles, they are at one in hating the Republic, and wishing its destruction. The coalition, bizarre though it be, has a formidable appearance at a time when such multitudes of Frenchmen are discontented with the existing state of things. They have tasted for eighteen years the best fruits of Republicanism, and they do not relish their flavour. It is, then, a great temptation to the average voter when General Boulanger shouts, "Follow me, and I will lead you into a garden where every fruit that the heart of man longs for is ripe for picking." Glory and conquest abroad; at home, strong government, stability, tranquillity, and boundless prosperity. We are not without experience in England of the gullibility of electors when thus addressed; many a British Boulanger has spoken in similar strain when he was out, and wanted to get in.

**SMOKELESS POWDER.**—The art of war promises to be revolutionised if the new smokeless powder, which was tried with such success at the review at Spandau, comes into general use. But the battlefield will be robbed of one of its horrors. The mind can hardly picture the ghastliness of wholesale carnage in the full light of day with no merciful shroud of smoke to hide the human holocaust. Every act of the tragedy will stand out in naked relief, every man see with his own eyes the slaughter of both friend and foe. No heavy roll of musketry fire will, moreover, smother the groans of the wounded, for the new explosive is all but noiseless. It will require a rare heroism to face war with all this added realism. The steadiness of even veteran troops will be put to a severe test under these terrible conditions, and the whole science of tactics must be changed to suit the new order of things. Movements which have until now been easy under cover of smoke will no longer be possible, unless at a terrible cost of human life. But we can, perhaps, hardly realise as yet how completely the old system will have to be altered. The duties of outposts and patrols will possess a redoubled danger and difficulty. Surprises, now almost rare, will become everyday occurrences, which will have to be reckoned with beforehand. It is easy to see what terrible anxieties will thus be added to the cares of a commander, and what an intense strain will be put upon the endurance of the men. Of very serious moment, too, are the facilities for assassination which the new discovery will afford. Murder will no longer rank as one of the fine arts, even on the other side of St. George's Channel. Sport, again, will be so curiously affected by the change that it will enter upon an entirely new era. Smokeless powder would make terrible havoc on the moors and among the turnips.

**THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.**—Englishmen can hardly help regarding the great race which is to be decided on Monday upon the Thames with somewhat mingled feelings. It is sure to excite great interest, and whether Searle, the Australian, is successful, or O'Connor, the Canadian, we may feel proud in the knowledge that the finest oarsman in the world is an offspring of an English colony. But that is not quite the same thing as his being an Englishman himself, though it is next best to it. What we really want to see is a sculler, born and "raised" in this tight little island, who can meet and beat the best man that the world can produce. It must be confessed, however, that the outlook in this direction is not very hopeful. Thirteen years ago the invasion of England by colonial athletes began with Edward Trickett, and since the day when he defeated J. H. Sadler we have never had a really first-class sculler. In those thirteen years Australia has produced Laycock, Beach, Kemp, and now Searle; while from across the Atlantic have come Hanlon, Wallace Ross, Gaudaur, Teemer, and O'Connor; but the Old Country has had to be content with such minor stars as Boyd, Elliott, Perkins, and Bubear. The reason for this decadence is not far to seek. The one thing which more than anything else ruined English professional rowing was the low *morale* of English professional oarsmen. No one could feel sure that in any race both competitors were really "trying" or were not, as the recent Turf case taught us to say, merely "out for an airing." The public naturally would not support farces of this kind, and consequently professional rowing died a natural death for want of nutriment. Our amateurs do much to keep up the fame of English rowing; but, for the rest, the glory is departed.

**THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.**—Gratifying as are the Savings Bank statistics just issued by the Postmaster-General, there could be no more profound mistake than to accept them as an infallible test of the economic condition of the working classes. That fallacy is frequently enunciated in Parliament by labour representatives, who point to the figures with pride, as demonstrating the increasing thrift of the sons of toil. What is the evidence of postmasters and postmistresses on that head? They affirm that the greater part of the deposits are made by the middle class and lower middle class, and mainly on account of women and children. The wife saves a trifle out of housekeeping-money or her allowance for dress; having no occasion to spend it at the moment, she opens an account at the nearest post-office. Then, perhaps, the "divine hunger" of accumulation gets



hold of her, and every month witnesses a fresh deposit. Or the breadwinner has a slice of unexpected luck—a small legacy, or other windfall—and deposits a portion in the names of his helpmate and children. Or a youngster being "tipped" too handsomely by his over-kind uncle or aunt the money is confiscated to serve as a nest-egg against his more mature years. Milliners, dressmakers, and domestics also patronise the postal savings' banks; but the average workman prefers to put his savings into some benefit society, or, if very ambitious, into a building concern. He is beset by the idea that deposits in the Post-Office are not kept secret from employers, and he also believes that were he to transgress the law his money would be handed over to the Government. Out of the fifty-eight and a-half millions odd now on deposit in these banks, it may be questioned whether one-tenth belongs to what are called "the working classes."

"MINE HOST IN MINE INN."—The British tourist is making his annual wail. Anxious to encourage "native talent," and support home industries, he has forsworn the Continent for once in favour of his native country, but his native country as represented by its hotel keepers is not sufficiently grateful. Now in his travels abroad the British tourist is accustomed to moderate charges. At Meran he can "stay a whole day for five shillings;" at Nuremberg the modest sum of eleven marks is charged for "excellent bedroom on first-floor, breakfast, hot luncheon, well-cooked dinner, wine, and attendance," and so on. At home, on the other hand, the average estimate mounts up to "a pound a day per head." The amount tallies curiously in different localities. Country inns, at least in August and September, place about the same value upon their accommodation as fashionable town hotels. Here is the ordinary bill: bedroom 4s., breakfast 2s. 6d., dinner 5s., attendance 1s. 6d., tea 1s. 6d., wine, "tubs," and gratuities make up the rest. It is, perhaps, not remarkable that while the memory of those little bills is fresh the British tourist should make a mental vow never again to spend his holidays at home. But it is an old grievance, and since "mine host" shows no sign of repentance, the only chance for the country seems to be that the British tourist may forget his wrongs before holiday time comes round again.

WEST END DRAINAGE.—"He won't be happy till he gets it" is often the condition of Paterfamilias at the seaside; "it" being the *Times*, which he reads through even more carefully than he does when at home. But it may be questioned whether "He's got it; he's happy now" has been equally applicable to Paterfamilias lately when the newspaper-train is safely in. For the *Times* has been full of the most unpleasant letters regarding the sanitation, or want of sanitation, of the West End. Speaking theoretically, there is nothing worse, of course, in the West End being badly drained than in the East End, but practically there is a good deal of difference. For if the West End, with every advantage that wealth and science can bestow, is in such a parlous condition, what must be the state of less favoured quarters of the town? That it is in a parlous condition there is abundant evidence to show. Smells of every kind seem to be rampant, and some of the doctors do not hesitate to attribute to the drains of which they are the symptoms the presence of scarlet fever, diphtheria, and enteric fever. And the worst of it is, no one seems to know what remedy to apply. "Shut off your supply of sewer-gas," says one, "by having your drains carefully trapped." "Do so," says another, "and you merely expel the monster from inside that he may attack you with redoubled energy from outside—through doors and windows." Every one pretty nearly is agreed that the sewers ought to be better ventilated, but then no one appears to know who ought to carry out this reform—whether the Vestries or the County Council. In fact, the whole business is one more proof of the inconvenience of a divided authority, which the street-paving, the muzzling order, and many other things have taught us. Something ought certainly to be done, and the County Council are, in our opinion, the people to do it. But it is exceedingly improbable that they will be able to make a start without obtaining fresh powers from Parliament. Meanwhile, poor Paterfamilias cannot contemplate his return to "Home, Sweet Home," with very pleasant feelings.

THE "ROAD TO RUIN."—The confessions of Mr. Ernest Benzon, better known to fame as the "Jubilee Plunger," furnish a useful commentary upon Mr. W. P. Frith's graphic sketches. There is not, of course, anything so very wonderful in the fact that a young gentleman should have succeeded in squandering a fortune of a quarter of a million in a couple of years. Indeed, any one who follows Mr. Benzon's artless narrative will probably be surprised that the money held out as long as it did. The racecourse and the card-room furnished all necessary facilities. Any man who backs horses in thousands must sooner or later lose any fortune he may possess unless all experience is falsified, and the Field Club, at which Mr. Benzon declares he lost and won as much as 16,000*l.* or 17,000*l.* a night, no doubt afforded him a useful means of parting with the remainder of his superfluous cash in a remarkably short space of time. But Mr. Benzon seems to recommend Monte Carlo most strongly to any one who is anxious to make a pauper of himself without any unnecessary

delay. Here one of his friends succeeded in disposing of 11,000*l.* in a couple of hours, a rate which would have enabled Mr. Benzon to get rid of his patrimony in a couple of days, and saved him a good deal of trouble in divesting himself of the responsibilities of wealth. Mr. Benzon, however, if he was slow in some of his methods, fairly "beats the record" in the complacency with which he looks back upon the past. "I cannot," he concludes, "blame myself for having lost my money. I may regret the absence of that most invaluable commodity; but while deploring its absence I cannot conscientiously reproach myself for its disappearance."

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## THE STRIKES

ON the part of a number of London shipowners there has been, since the commencement of the dock labourers' strike, an opinion expressed that, if they were left free to deal with the men, an arrangement might be come to which would end the crisis. Considerable hopes of a settlement were, therefore, excited by the announcement that another conference had been agreed on for Tuesday this week between the representative shipowners and the directors of the Amalgamated London and Dock Companies. At a previous conference on Monday Sir Donald Currie, on the part of the shipowners, offered for the consideration of the Companies the proposal that the former should have the making of the arrangements with the men for the discharge of their cargoes as they have at present for loading. The shipowners would thus have none but direct relations with the dock labourers. As Sir Donald Currie put it, if the Companies accepted the proposal their directors would be relieved from the difficulty in which they were placed by the demand to pay what they thought was not right, and the shipowners would willingly accept the responsibility of paying the men what they considered proper. The conference was adjourned to the following day, Tuesday, when the hopes that had been excited were doomed to at least temporary disappointment. The proposal of the shipowners was virtually declined by Mr. Norwood on the part of the Companies, the character of the subsequent communications between the two bodies leaving the matter *in statu quo*.

On Monday, this week, it was officially announced on the part of the Companies, that while willing to receive communications from any of their former *employés*, or to receive them in deputation, the directors would not again receive Messrs. Burns and Tillet, and would have no further communication with them. Meanwhile, an immense mass meeting of the strikers had been held in Hyde Park on Sunday, and was addressed by, among other speakers, Messrs. Burns and Tillet, and the irrepressible Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P. In addition to the usual rhetoric, the important statement was made by one of the speakers that the reckless manifesto of the leaders of the strike, calling upon all the working men in London to come out on strike, had been withdrawn. Strikes of men both unconnected and connected with the shipping trade had been frequent in London, where the very tailors are striking, and in the provinces, from Liverpool to Rochester. The whole of our issue might be filled with reports of the proceedings at the meetings of the actual strikers in London, and of others held there and elsewhere to express sympathy with them. Suffice it to say, that with subscriptions coming in—one of 1,500*l.* has been received from Australia alone—the leaders of the strike profess to believe in ultimate victory, and the strikers as a body seem disposed to hold out so long as their necessities are tolerably well relieved. At the middle of the present week, it is true, there has been some resumption of work at the wharves, and symptoms have appeared of slight activity even in the docks. But the activity of the picketers is a serious obstacle to the accomplishment of the desire of many unwilling idlers to be allowed to earn their daily bread. There are still only too many cargoes rotting, and loading vessels lying undisturbed.—Just before going to press we learn that, in a conciliatory letter written on Wednesday by Mr. Norwood to Mr. Sutherland, M.P., Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, another conference with the Shipowners' Committee, to be held at the earliest practicable moment, was proposed by the Directors of the Dock Companies.

## BURNS AT THE WEST INDIA DOCKS ADDRESSING STRIKERS

OUR illustration represents the chief leader of the strikers as in the act of delivering a speech to a mass meeting of strikers. In the course of this address he made the startling statement that among the money which he had received for the relief of the strikers and their families were cheques from several of the dock directors themselves.

## THE FINANCE COMMITTEE STAMPING RELIEF TICKETS

THE scene of this illustration is a room at the Wade Arms, Jeremiah Street, Poplar, a hostelry which, as the headquarters of the leader of the strike, has suddenly acquired some celebrity. The work of stamping the tickets which entitle to relief in kind is no sinecure, since on one day alone, Tuesday this week, 100,000 of them are said to have been distributed.

## PROCESSION OF COALHEAVERS ON STRIKE

ONE of the earliest strikes of workers unconnected with the docks was that of the coalheavers and carmen attached to the coal depôts located near St. Pancras on the Midland and Great Northern Railways. Immediately after leaving their work, they whiled away their time in processions, one of which is represented in our illustration. Our artist writes:—

"A busy and a windy day down at the Docks. The Strikers are just forming into procession, and only with caution and difficulty can the tram-car proceed on its journey through the immense crowds that fill the main thoroughfare for miles past the Docks.

Judging from the behaviour of these working-men, all in their best (perhaps only) clothing, you would suppose the object of their meeting were a pleasant excursion to the country or the celebration of some happy event. But, scrutinising the men closer, the observant eye will detect expressions full of determination, suffering, and now and then something very like menace.

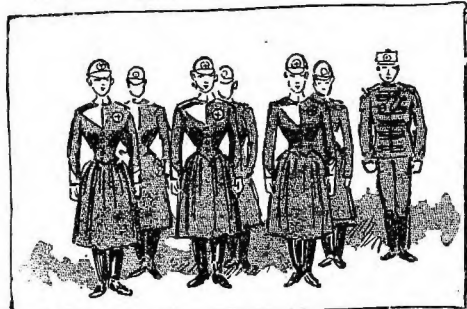
"As the Dockers are joined by the Coalheavers, who arrive headed by waggons rigged out with masts and baskets illustrative of their dirty and laborious trade, the cheers that greet them can only be likened to the jubilant and exhilarating roar of a victorious army. As a demonstration of sympathy with the Strikers, a procession of working girls, walking arm-in-arm, parades the streets, cheered most heartily as they pass along in their huge hats, and all as alike in dress as if they were in uniforms. As the wind blows clouds of dust through every open space in the ranks of the men, as it violently heaves and shakes the now gorgeous, now utterly primitive banner of the various labour associations, as the drums are vigorously beaten to the tune of the fife, and the procession, surrounded by yelling and ragged boys and girls of the neighbourhood, finally starts for the City, it is fortunate for everybody concerned to feel assured that this tremendous accumulation of physical force is not set in motion to destroy, but to convince."

## ENGLISH FIREMEN IN PARIS

AMONG the most interesting of the various international conferences which are characterising the Exhibition year in Paris has been that of the Firemen last week. A detachment of some 117 English firemen, accompanied by six of the corps of firewomen attached to the life-saving brigade, took part in the proceedings. They were warmly welcomed by the Parisians, and the six ladies in particular excited much interest, their sergeant, Miss Mortimer, being presented on her arrival with a large bouquet by the members



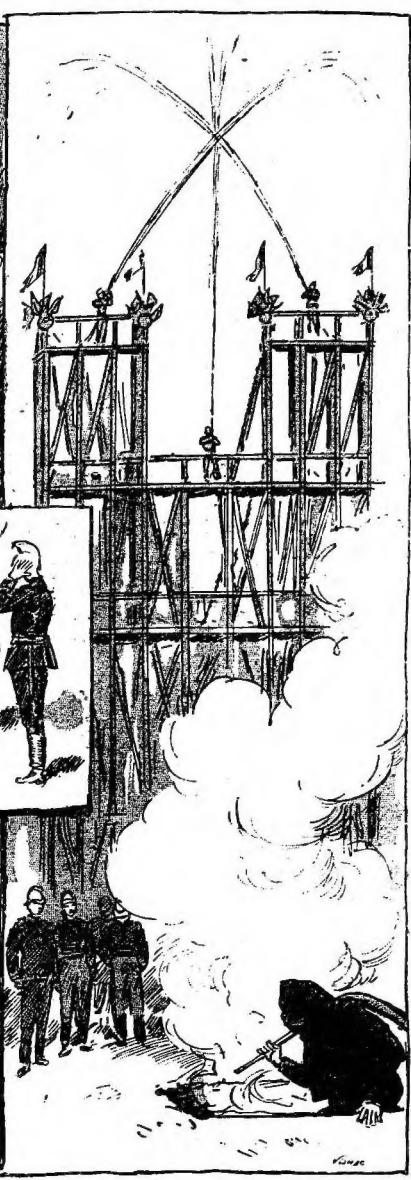
Firewomen of the English Life-Saving Brigade



English Officers presented to President Carnot



French Firemen at Work



Uniforms of European Firemen

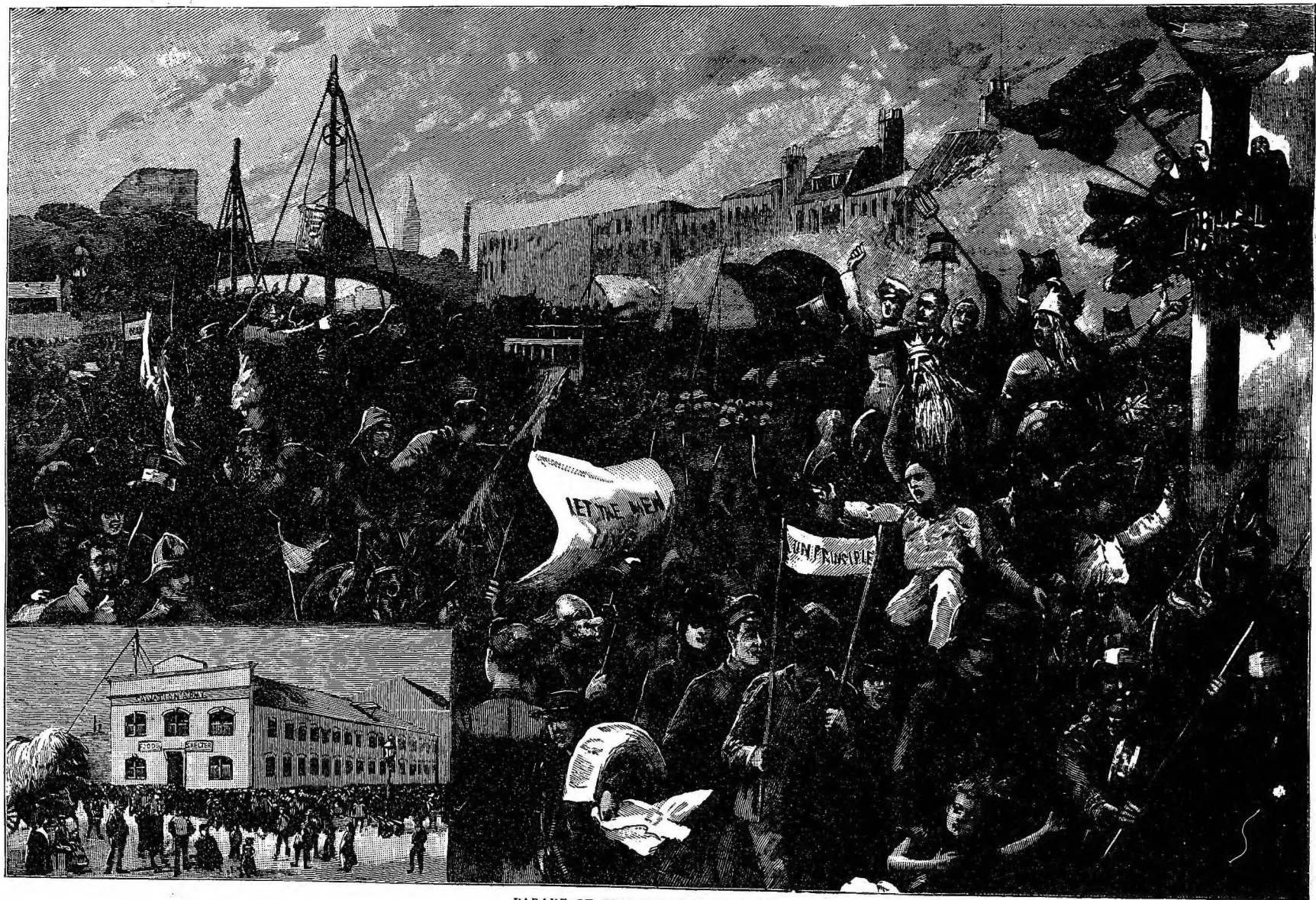
English Firemen Getting Ready for a Call



English Firemen with Engine Ready for Work two minutes fifteen seconds after the Call

A French Fireman descending into a Burning Cellar

THE FIRE BRIGADE CONGRESS AT PARIS



THE GREAT STRIKE OF DOCK LABOURERS AT THE EAST END





MADAME PATTI JOINING IN THE CHORUS OF THE WELSH AIR, "O LAND OF MY FATHERS," AT THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, BRECON, WALES



AN AUSTRALIAN INNOVATION IN THE CHURCH SERVICE  
"THE ANGELIC CHOIR" AT ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE



of the Organising Committee of the Congress. On the Thursday there was a grand competition show at Vincennes before M. Carnot. Our Paris correspondent writes:—

"President Carnot having taken his seat, the French brigade went through their exercises. A house was represented by a scaffolding reaching to the height of six storeys; the firemen went through all the incidents likely to occur during a fire, finally climbing with their hose to the top of the scaffolding. At this moment the engines were set to work, and jets of water spurted into the air, to descend in a pelting shower on the heads of those spectators who were unfortunate enough to be on the wrong side of the wind. Next, a fireman, dressed in a sort of diving-apparatus, descended into an excavation in which a quantity of smoky combustibles had been ignited. This was intended to portray a fire in a cellar—a very common occurrence in Paris.

"The English brigade then came to the front, and showed the speed with which their engines could be got ready for action. Their coats, helmets, &c., were laid aside, so that an alarm should be given while they are in the station undress. At a given signal the men adjusted their uniforms, and brought out the engines ready for action in 2 min. 15 secs. The firewomen performed several interesting feats connected with life-saving, &c., and of course attracted general attention.

"Captain Shean and the officers of the brigade were subsequently presented to the President, as well as all the delegates of the different nations that had taken part in the Congress."

#### MADAME PATTI AT THE EISTEDDFOD

THE Royal National Eisteddfod has been held with great enthusiasm at Brecon, and among the chief incidents have been the addresses by Father Ignatius of Llanthony, and the visit of Madame Patti, who consented to sing for the benefit of the Eisteddfod. The Pavilion, a huge marquee giving sitting room for ten thousand persons, was packed with an enthusiastic audience. Under the conductorship of "Maton," this concourse had been put into a singing humour by his leading off the old Welsh hymn, "O, Ffyniau Caersulam" ("O, Mountains of Jerusalem"). La Diva arriving, she was received with enthusiasm, and after singing a solo from *La Sonnambula* and the ballad, "The Last Rose of Summer," she listened to a Harp Solo Competition, won by a boy harpist named Ap Pierce, whom she invested, and, to the delight of the audience, kissed. It is said that he intends to have a star tattooed upon the place! A magnificent rendering of "Home, Sweet Home," raised the audience to fever heat, and when Madame Patti, at request, sang the National Song, "O Land of My Fathers" ("Hên wlad Fy ngaduic") the enormous crowd, all standing, joined in the chorus. Time was kept by "Maton," and the tremendous volume of sound was controlled by the steadiness of a well-trained choir, but over it all Madame Patti's voice was still heard.

Brecon is a quaint old town, nestling beside a charming reach of the Usk river, and almost in the shadow of the picturesque range of the Brecknock Beacons. Full of interest to the antiquary and artist, sportsman and fisherman, and with most comfortable accommodation of all kinds, it is surprising that it is not more known as a summer resort for those who do not insist upon a seaside holiday.

It is satisfactory to find that the Eisteddfod is still carrying forward the promotion of the graphic arts. Prizes of the amount of 100*l.* and 50*l.*, for representations of Brecon, were awarded respectively to Mr. J. C. Salmon, of Conway, and Miss M. S. Hagarty, and a third of 25*l.* to Mr. Gilbert Williams, Llimpsfield, under the adjudication of Messrs. H. Clarence Whaithe, R.W.S., Alfred Parsons, R.I., and T. H. Thomas.

#### THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

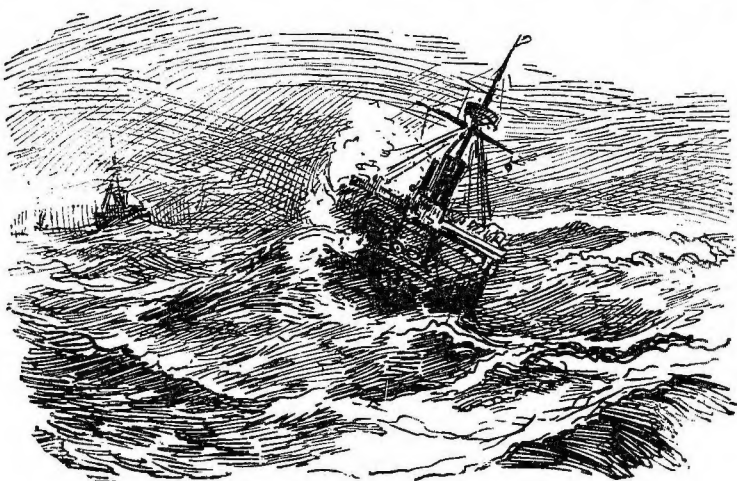
IN continuation of our illustrations of these manœuvres—they terminated at 6 A.M. on Thursday last week—several which had not reached us before our last issue went to press are now given.

##### CHASED BY THE ENEMY

THIS sketch is taken from the fire bridge of an armoured cruiser, looking aft. As she, in company with some of her sister ships, was returning from the coast of Ireland, on the night of Saturday week, battle-ships were sighted, and, on approaching nearer, these turned out to be two of the "B," or attacking, fleet. There was a moon, but it was obscured by heavy clouds, and as the warships approached each other with all lights out, the huge battle-ships, painted entirely black, appeared like indistinct black masses on the lead-coloured water. One suddenly appeared on the port bow, but not a shot was exchanged. Another then crossed the cruiser's bows at a short distance, and, turning, opened fire on her, which was at once returned, and as steam was now increasing she was left some distance astern before she could turn round to pursue. However, when she did she came up at a great pace, and the cruiser's consorts and the remainder of the enemy having disappeared from sight, there was nothing for it but to get away from such a dangerous neighbour as a first-class battle-ship as soon as possible. The battle-ship on turning projected her electric light on the chased craft, which put out all lights, and only fired occasionally from her after guns, trusting entirely to her heels for safety. For half an hour the issue seemed doubtful, but by that time the exertions of the engine-room staff had succeeded in driving the engines at a tremendous pace, and the ship, quivering all over, seemed to tear through the water, soon leaving her enemy well outside the prescribed limit in which he would have had to remain for an hour to ensure her capture. In another half hour the enemy was out of sight altogether, and on the following morning the cruiser rejoined the "A" fleet at Falmouth.

##### A LENGTHY SIGNAL

THIS illustration depicts a scene on the afterbridge of the *Rodney*, the flagship of Admiral Tracey, his being the figure on the



THE "RODNEY" IN A GALE BETWEEN USHANT AND THE LIZARD

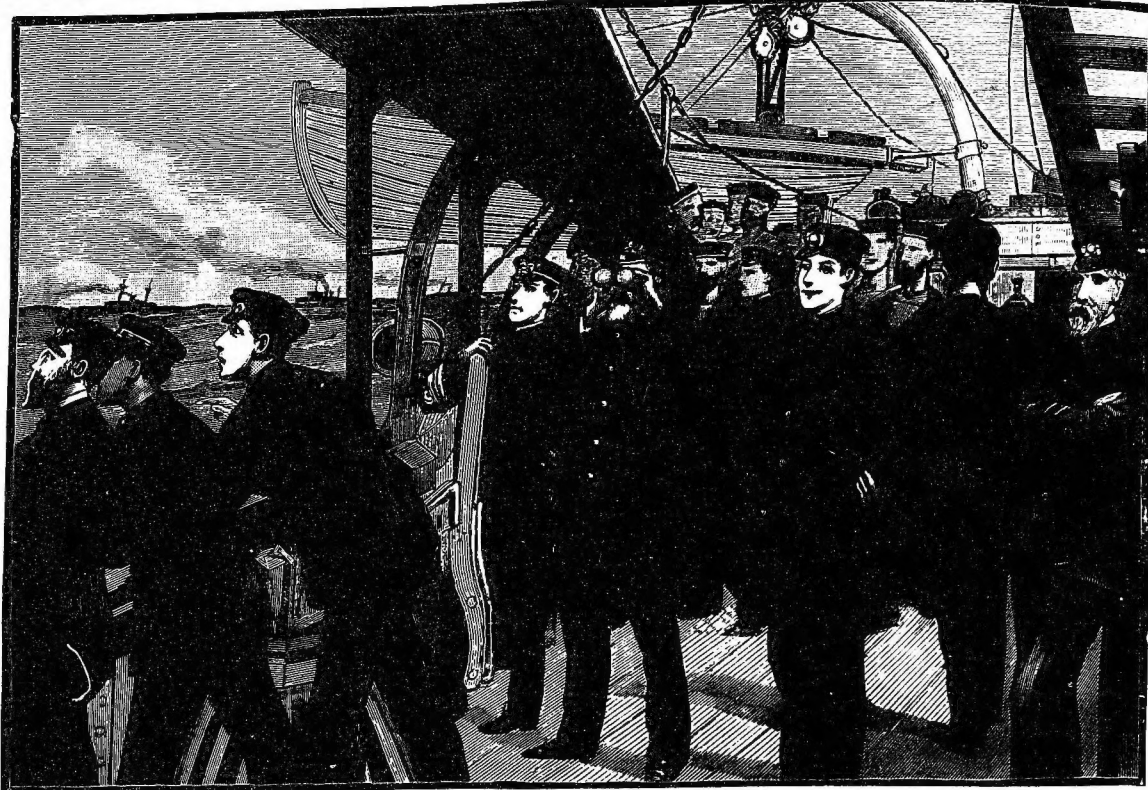
left. The spectator on the right is Lord Charles Scott, one of the umpires of the "A" fleet.

#### AN EARLY CUP OF COCOA BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, 3 A.M.

THE process of coaling the ship has been performed, and, as our illustration testifies, has left its mark on the persons of the three operators delineated in it. Jack will have his joke, even at 3 A.M., and with no stronger stimulant than cocoa to excite his powers of "chaff."

##### WATCHING THE CHASE

THE chase of the "B" Squadron is in full swing in this illustration. On board the *Conqueror*—from under the forebridge of which the sketch was taken by our artist—the officers and men, full of excitement, especially the younger officers, are straining their eyes to



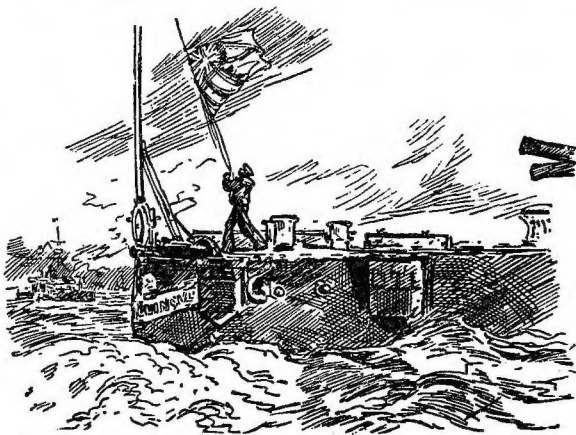
WATCHING THE CHASE FROM UNDER THE FOREBRIDGE OF THE "COLLINGWOOD"

see what way is being made on the enemy. The chase was unsuccessful, and when the "A" Squadron passed Queenstown, a couple of miles off, the enemy was seen snugly ensconced in the harbour, which the "A" vessels blockaded during the night, to steam away again in the morning.

Our illustration of H.M. Cruiser *Serpent* looking out for the enemy's cruisers in a gale off Ushant calls for no detailed explanation.

##### A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER IN THE ATLANTIC

As the four belted cruisers, *Aurora*, *Narcissus*, *Galatea*, and *Undaunted*, belonging to the "A" fleet, were returning from recon-



THE "COLLINGWOOD" HAULING DOWN COLOURS TO THE "RODNEY" AND CRUISERS. SIGNAL: "YOU HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT"

noitring Queenstown and Bantry Bay, about midnight on Saturday, the 16th ult., they fell in with the *Collingwood* and *Anson*, two of the enemy's most powerful battle-ships. The crews were at once sent to their quarters for action, and with all lights extinguished which would be visible outside the two squadrons nearest each other. The cruisers were in two columns. The enemy crossed their bows, and, turning, passed down their port side. The foremost battle-ship did not fire at all, but the second, after crossing the bows of the *Aurora*, opened fire with musketry and quick-firing guns. This is the moment shown in the sketch. There was a moon, but it was hidden by clouds, and everything appeared very dark and indistinct. The wind prevented the shots being heard on board the *Aurora*, but the flashes of the guns directly turned on her looked like huge stars, appearing and disappearing simultaneously, as no smoke was visible at all. In the distance two of the other cruisers are seen making off at full speed. In the foreground, dimly lighted up by the flashes of the enemy's fire and the phosphorescence of the foam thrown up by her bow, appears the fore-castle of the *Aurora*, with the rails turned down over the side, the 22-ton pivot-gun trained on the enemy, and the gun's crew grouped around it.

##### THE ENEMY'S FLEET SIGHTED OFF QUEENSTOWN AND CHASED

ADMIRAL TRYON, with a portion of Fleet "A," his flagship the *Hercules*, three ironclads, the *Ajax*, the *Invincible*, and the *Conqueror*, with some swift cruisers, were cruising between Kinsale and Queenstown on Thursday, August 22nd, when, as depicted in our illustration, a squadron of the enemy, consisting of Admiral Baird's flagship the *Northumberland*, three

ironclads, two of them the *Monarch* and the *Iron Duke*, were sighted in the distance. Our artist, on board the *Conqueror*, describes these vessels as "looking like three dots on the horizon." Our illustration depicts the two squadrons after Admiral Tryon had signalled "full speed," and the vessels of the "A" fleet were beginning to chase the enemy.

##### AT FULL SPEED: ONE OF THE FOUR STOKE-HOLES OF THE "CONQUEROR"

STEAM is up as high as it can safely go, and the stokers are seen busy with their important work, after a spell of which, those unused to it are often prostrated by the heat, and have to be carried on

deck to recover their senses in the fresh sea air. The temperature often reached 120 deg., and our artist described himself as "nearly cooked" when he had gone below to sketch the scene.

##### A BRUSH WITH A TORPEDO BOAT: "OUR OWN"

THE *Conqueror* was in Milford Haven, when the officers, quietly smoking below after dinner, at 8.30 P.M., were startled by the firing of the quick-firing guns on deck, whither they rushed to find shell guns and small arms blazing away at a torpedo boat circling round the ship. It turned out to be a friendly not a hostile torpedo boat, No. 60, which had not answered correctly the private signal, and was thus mistaken for an enemy. One of our illustrations depicts the scene after the order had been given to arm, and the small arm men are seen on the forebridge. Our second illustration of the same incident shows the electric light being flashed on the innocent boat, and the quick-firing guns in action on the deck below.

##### A SALE OF SHORTHORNS

THE pride of many an old ancestral estate nowadays is not so much the ornamental herd of deer as the more useful herd of breeding cattle or flock of sheep. When such a collection of fine stock comes to be dispersed, as often occurs on the death of the proprietor, the occasion usually brings together many of the leading land owners in the county, as well as eminent breeders from all parts of the kingdom, as was the case when our illustration was made. This represents the dispersion of the late Sir Robert Loder's herd of Shorthorns at Whittlebury, Northamptonshire, last May; the herd of Black Pile cattle and flock of Shropshire sheep having been sold last September, as well as the stud of Clydesdale horses. The sales attracted not only breeders from all parts of the kingdom, many being present from Scotland, but also colonists and agents for large estates in South America, who are now taking over great numbers of our fine stock. These sales are conducted in the most *bonâ fide* manner; every particular relating to the breeding and state of the animals is declared, and, if a reserve bid is retained, which rarely happens, it is openly announced. Buyers, therefore, bid with confidence, and the seller feels safe in trusting the public. The Sale we represent was conducted by Mr. Thornton. It should be mentioned that on these occasions a small sand-glass, running about twelve seconds, is used instead of a hammer. The custom has been handed down from time immemorial, and the use of the sand-glass at the Savoy Chapel is another instance of the antiquity of the custom. High prices are very often realised at these sales, and, in this particular instance, the sum of 510 guineas was paid for one young cow, and 80 guineas for her calf; the herd of sixty-two Shorthorns realising 5,954*l.* 11*s.*, or nearly 6,000*l.*

##### "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 293.

##### AN "ANGELIC CHOIR" AT MELBOURNE

FOR some weeks there has been a controversy in the columns of a daily contemporary regarding the admission of ladies into the surpliced Church choirs, and one correspondent gave a graphic description of the lady choristers in their white robes, who form a distinctive part of the choir in the church of St. Luke, Birmingham. Until three years ago it has been the practice in all churches which possess a surpliced choir to utilise men and boys only as choristers, and when, on special occasions, a lady's voice was absolutely required, the fair songstress was perched up in the organ loft, carefully concealed from public view. Those who have heard a grand Mass in a foreign cathedral must have frequently remarked this feature of the service. In 1886 the Church authorities of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Melbourne, however, boldly threw all ecclesiastical traditions aside, and, to the great delight of the congregation, lady choristers made their appearance fully habited in surplice and trencher—the latter article of head-gear, however, it was remarked, had been rounded off, and deprived of its sharp but characteristic angularities. "The effect," remarked the *Australasian* at the time, "was admirable on the whole, though the quiet composure that ought to distinguish a Church audience was evidently ruffled in some instances. A contributor to the *Argus*, who did not profess to be a regular church-



goer, found his gaze so attracted to the faces of the choir that he was unable to look on his book. A correspondent, however, who confessed himself guilty of irregular attendance at church, wrote in a penitent strain, apparently after making a good resolution to reform. An old gentleman, who, like Pickwick, does not lose with years in susceptibility, exclaimed, on leaving the building, 'What a lovely service.' The innovation, however, was pronounced a distinct success, and as we have mentioned there is at least one church in the Old Country where lady choristers have proved to be no less popular.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Grouelle, 69, Swanston Street, Melbourne.

### "HOW JONES LOCKED OUT HIS UNCLE"

THE story of this little series of sketches is told by the titles, and illustrates the force of the old saw—"Look before you . . . bolt."

### FEMALE CONVICT LIFE AT WOKING, II,

See pp. 304, 306.

### THE ALDERMEN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

See page 302

### THE RUSSO-MONTENEGRO ALLIANCE

THE marriage of the Czar's cousin, the Grand Duke Nicholasievitch, second son of the Grand Duke Nicholas, to the Princess Militza, the second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Montenegro, has been looked upon in the political circles of Eastern Europe as an event of considerable moment, as evincing a disposition on the part of Russia to actively forward Prince Nicholas's interests in the Balkan peninsula. This belief, moreover, is strengthened by the fact that neither the present rulers of Serbia or Bulgaria are in favour in St. Petersburg, so that when the next crisis occurs in either of those two countries, Prince Nicholas will be brought to the front, backed by the full force of the Czar's authority. The Grand Duke Peter is twenty-five years of age, and his bride, the Princess Militza—who, by the way, is stated to be very pretty and accomplished—is three years younger. The young couple were betrothed on May 30th, and married with considerable pomp and ceremony at Peterhoff on August 7th. With reference to our portraits of Prince Nicholas and his wife, we need say little. Prince Nicholas, who is now in his forty-ninth year, has ruled his sturdy mountaineers for nine-and-twenty years with creditable skill and firmness, and is as much beloved by his subjects as when he ascended the Throne. During his reign, he has seen many changes in the Empire of which Montenegro not long since was reckoned an integral part, and taking a lesson from events, has devoted much attention to his little army, which now represents a trained force of no small value in view of contingencies. Indeed, only a few weeks since, he issued an order that every man in his dominions should pass some time in the ranks.—Our portraits are from photographs—those of the Prince of Montenegro and the Princess Militza by Fritz Knozer, Baden, and that of the Princess by Victor Angerer, Vienna.

### "PARIS BRILLANT," BY "MARS"

THE busy pencil of "Mars" has prepared for the Exhibition year a series of sketches of Parisian life, which are reproduced in colour and printed with much delicacy and skill by Messieurs E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., 10, Rue Garancière, Paris. The public in this country is familiar now with the work of "Mars." His pencil is dexterous, and he loves to look on the pretty sides of life. He is essentially the artist of "le heug-leef." His women's faces are, it is true, all exactly alike, but he makes up for that by giving them an endless variety of costumes. He is a kind of French Du Maurier, without Mr. Du Maurier's social satire. "Mars" satirises nobody, and teaches nothing. His ambition is satisfied when he has drawn a number of elegantly-dressed women, well-groomed men, and gay children. He does not go as deeply into life even as Jan Van Beers, and, unlike Van Beers, he never draws an ugly face. He refines upon refinement, and makes gaiety more gay. The Frenchman is not born who has a deeper admiration than "Mars" for a trim ankle and a shapely bust. Low life, rags and tatters, misery and crime come not into his life. He is the artist of the well-dressed, the chronicler of the fashions. Turn the pages of his last bright book, and you will see all that is rich, happy, and prosperous in Paris—people at races, balls, and weddings, children at the circus, the confectioner's, and the gardens. It is extremely charming to look at, and it represents the distilled essence of all that is gayest in the life of Paris to-day.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at some length when presiding, on Monday, at the first meeting of the Grand Committee of the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association. He described the administration of Ireland by the Government as most successful. Ireland had not been for many years so peaceful and prosperous as now. At the present moment, under the so-called bloody and brutal coercion of Mr. Balfour, less than a hundred people were subjected to short terms of imprisonment, and the removal of their baneful influence had released the country from the evils of agitation. While the Opposition was suffering from a divided leadership and divided councils, the Unionist alliance of Liberals and Conservatives was stronger than when it was first agreed upon three years ago. Special interest attaches to Mr. Chamberlain's remarks on Mr. Balfour's proposal to endow a Roman Catholic university in Ireland. He and the members of the old Birmingham Education League had always, he said, contended that education, so far as it was national, should be secular. They had failed. Although he did not like denominational education any more now than then, yet he was bound to admit that if higher education in England or in Scotland can be shown to be denominational, there would be a just claim for an equality of treatment of the majority of the Irish people. If Protestants were not willing to surrender denominational education in Great Britain, he did not see how they could in common fairness object to the Roman Catholic demand for denominational endowment in Ireland.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY was presented on Tuesday with the freedom of the town of Kirkwall. In returning thanks Mr. W. H. Smith spoke, with a somewhat obvious reference, of the self-reliant character of the Orcadians, who made their way in the world without falling back upon Government and eleemosynary aid.

MR. BALFOUR, opening a bazaar at East Linton for the liquidation of the debt on the drill hall of a company of local volunteers, dwelt on the value to the country of the volunteer force, adding as an "open secret" that at the recent review at Aldershot the volunteers elicited praise from one of the best judges in Europe, the German Emperor.

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS has been holding this week its Annual Congress at Dundee. The President, Mr. Ritchie, in his inaugural address, described a spirit of discontent as steadily

permeating the working classes. He enumerated what he considered to be its chief causes, one of them being insufficient and uncertain employment. Limitation of the maximum of daily work to eight hours by parliamentary enactment was the method approved of by himself, and generally, for providing the surplus labour of the country with employment.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The prospects of the contemplated Polytechnic Institute for Battersea are tolerably bright. The Charity Commissioners will add to their original grant of 1,500*l.* annually a further 1,000*l.* a year on condition that 60,000*l.* is privately subscribed, and of this sum only 14,000*l.* remains to be raised.—The Duke of Bedford has offered to give Goldington Crescent Garden, Camden Town, as a site for a technical institute, while not objecting to the sale of the garden, and the application of the purchase-money to the acquisition of a more eligible site. The London County Council are to be asked to purchase the garden, and maintain it as an open space and public recreation ground.—The order of the Privy Council against unmuzzled dogs being allowed to be at large has been so strictly carried out that according to the Secretary of the Dogs Home, Battersea, who appeals to the public to give pecuniary aid to the Institution, it has admitted during August no fewer than 3,563 lost and unmuzzled dogs whom the Committee have, under the Government order, to provide with food and shelter for more than a week.

THE DEATH, in his eighty-fifth year, is announced of Lord Addington, better known as the Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, M.P., head of the well-known firm of Hubbard and Co., Russia merchants in London, Director and Past-Governor of the Bank of England, and from 1853 to 1875 Chairman of the Public Works Loan Commission. Mr. Hubbard was Conservative M.P. for Buckingham from 1857 to 1863, and in 1874 was elected one of the Members for the City of London, which he continued to represent until 1887 when, during Lord Salisbury's premiership, he was raised to the peerage. In the House of Commons he was chiefly distinguished by his strenuous and persistent advocacy of a modification of the most unpopular provisions of the Income Tax. He published several pamphlets on that and on commercial and financial subjects. A zealous high-churchman, without being a ritualist, although he was the founder of St. Alban's, Holborn, and a member of the House of Laymen, he was a zealous defender of the Established Church, and of religious education. Lord Addington was respected by members of all political parties. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Egerton Hubbard, M.P. for North Bucks.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his fifty-first year, at Johannesburg, South Africa, whither he had gone to promote a commercial enterprise, in which he was interested, of Mr. Anderson, Q.C., M.P. for Elgin and Nairn; in his fifty-seventh year, of Sir Augustus A. J. Stewart, ninth Baronet of Fay Stewart; at Sydney, New South Wales, in his sixty-eighth year, of Sir Edward Strickland; in his sixty-sixth year, of Lieutenant-General George J. Field, late of the Royal Artillery, from 1866 to 1870 Second Commandant and Inspector at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; at an advanced age, of Dr. Kelly, Roman Catholic Bishop of Londonderry; and in his forty-sixth year, of Mr. Dominic Daly, one of the leading officials of the British North Borneo Company.



THOUGH the COURT Theatre, with *Aunt Jack*, and the SHAFESBURY, with *The Middleman*, are enjoying the prosperity which attends on the successful production of a new play, the theatrical world may still be described as practically at a standstill. After to-night the stage of the ADELPHI will part company with *The Shaughraun*, and devote itself to rehearsals of Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's forthcoming new drama. Elsewhere there is to be heard the busy note of preparation. Mr. Irving and his company are hard at work rehearsing *The Dead Heart*, and cutting out here and there some rather too ornate examples of Mr. Watts Phillips's dialogue. At DRURY LANE, also, the voice of the prompter and the hammers of the carpenters engaged in preparing for the opening night of the season with Messrs. Harris and Hamilton's new romantic historical drama, *The Royal Oak*, have now but little rest. Meanwhile Mr. George Edwards's patrons are looking forward to the 21st instant, when Miss Farren, Mr. Fred Leslie, and the other members of the regular Gaiety company, returned at last from their wanderings around the world, will reappear at their headquarters in *Ruy Blas* and *The Bland Road*, which has already had a preliminary trial at the GRAND Theatre in Birmingham. The reopening of the HAYMARKET on Thursday next with *A Man's Shadow*—Mr. Buchanan's adaptation of *Roger la Honte*—may fitly be regarded as the commencement of the autumn season. The date of the opening of the ADELPHI is Saturday next, when *London Day by Day* will be performed for the first time. Rumour says that Mr. George Alexander, who has temporarily seceded from the Lyceum company, for the occasion will play in this piece a young man about town who falls into the hands of sharpers and money lenders. With the exception of a realistic representation of Hampton Court Palace and Gardens, the scenes of Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's play will all be laid in London. They will include the interior of a well-known Bohemian club, and a view of Leicester Square by night.

When a dramatic critic once called the late Mr. Charles Reade severely to account for "objectionable allusions" in the dialogue of one of his plays, Mr. Reade declared upon his honour that the alleged offence had no existence save in the critic's malevolence, and a jury supported this view by giving the maligned playwright substantial damages. In something like the same manner a playgoer allusions" to the Maybrick trial introduced into the dialogue of *Ben-my-Chree*. "Sick unto death" was one example, besides rude allusions to "the jury," and so forth. Mr. Barrett's answer, how ever, is simple and conclusive. It is, that as these alleged samples of "questionable taste" form, and always have formed, portions of the play, and as *Ben-my-Chree* was in existence long before Mrs. Maybrick and her "fly papers" were heard of, no allusion to this too celebrated *cause célèbre* can possibly have been intended.

Mr. Burnand is adapting *La Sécurité des Familles* for Mr. Edouin, who proposes to produce his version at the STRAND Theatre at the conclusion of the run of *Our Flat*, whenever that may be. Mr. Burnand will call his adaptation *The Private Enquiry*.

It is now settled that Mr. Augustus Harris will have next Christmas "no brother near the throne"—at least in the realms of pantomime. In other words, COVENT GARDEN, which, in the days of John Kemble, who had the shrewdness to pocket his dignity and entice the renowned Grimaldi from the suburban SADLER'S WELLS, was supreme in this field, is once more to be converted into a circus. On the other hand, HER MAJESTY'S, so often a prey to dust and silence, is to open with a grand pantomime entitled *Cinderella*, under the management of Mr. H. J. Leslie.

The Royal Dutch Comedy Company, well-known throughout Holland, have made an offer to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones with a view to bring out a Dutch version of *The Middleman*. There is no copyright convention between this country and Holland; but, as

Mr. Jones's play is not published, a copy for the purposes of the translator or adaptor could, of course, only be obtained through the author.

Mrs. Langtry, who has come from Vichy in "the best of health and spirits," opens her professional tour on Monday at Wolverhampton in *Esther Sandraz*, as recently produced by her in the United States.

Mr. Terriss and Mr. H. B. Conway will both sail shortly for New York. The former will play the double part in the version of *Roger la Honte* at Niblo's; the latter will appear in *The Dowager*. Miss Millward, who will play in the same piece as Mr. Terriss, is also on the point of departure.

A son of the popular lady who is known to the world as Miss Ellen Terry will take part in the forthcoming revival at the LYCEUM of *The Dead Heart*. He will appear in the playbill as "Gordon Craig."

The benefit to be given to Sir Randal Roberts at TERRY'S Theatre takes place on the 25th inst. A new play entitled *Sybil*, the work of an anonymous author, will be produced on this occasion.

There is, we believe, some probability of Mr. Penley becoming the manager of TOOLE'S Theatre during Mr. Toole's absence in America.



A BALLOON TRIP ACROSS THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR will be attempted by a British officer next month.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL PLAYS AT BAYREUTH have been a great monetary success this year. They yielded a surplus of 12,500*l.*

GENERAL BOULANGER'S AUTOGRAPH is now worth 9*s.* in France. It has fallen recently to half price, owing to the General writing so many letters.

STRIKES HAVE EVEN SPREAD TO EGYPT. The Cairo cigarette makers are the first to introduce this Western system into the land of the Pharaohs, having struck against some extra-strict regulations enforced by their employers.

YOUNG ENGLISH GIRLS WITH FINE HAIR may be warned not to wear their locks hanging down when visiting Paris just now. The police recently arrested a man in the act of cutting off a long plait worn by an English girl, who was looking into a shop window. On searching his rooms they found sixty similar tails of hair, neatly tied up.

THE ANNUAL AUTUMN PICTURE EXHIBITION AT LIVERPOOL, which opened at the Walker Art Gallery on Monday, is one of the finest ever known in the provinces. Nearly 1,500 oils, water-colours, and pastels are shown, including many pictures from the Royal Academy. The sculptures and bronzes are also exceptionally good, and are well arranged in special rooms, instead of being scattered about the picture galleries as in former years.

SHEET AND PILLOW-CASE DANCES cause great amusement among the visitors at Davos Platz this summer. The dancers are masked and draped completely in white bed-linen, effectually concealing their identity. To add to the ghost-like appearance of the scene, partners invite each other to dance by signs instead of by words till about the middle of the evening, when the masks and the sheets are doffed in time for supper.

FASHIONABLE LADY BATHERS at the American watering-place of Long Branch wear all their handsomest jewels when taking their daily dip. So many jewel robberies have occurred whilst the fair bathers were absent in the water, that it is safer to take earrings, necklaces, and bracelets into the sea rather than leave them in the bathhouse or hotel. Some of the belles fairly blaze with diamonds, and pose in elegant attitudes on the sands to display their treasures.

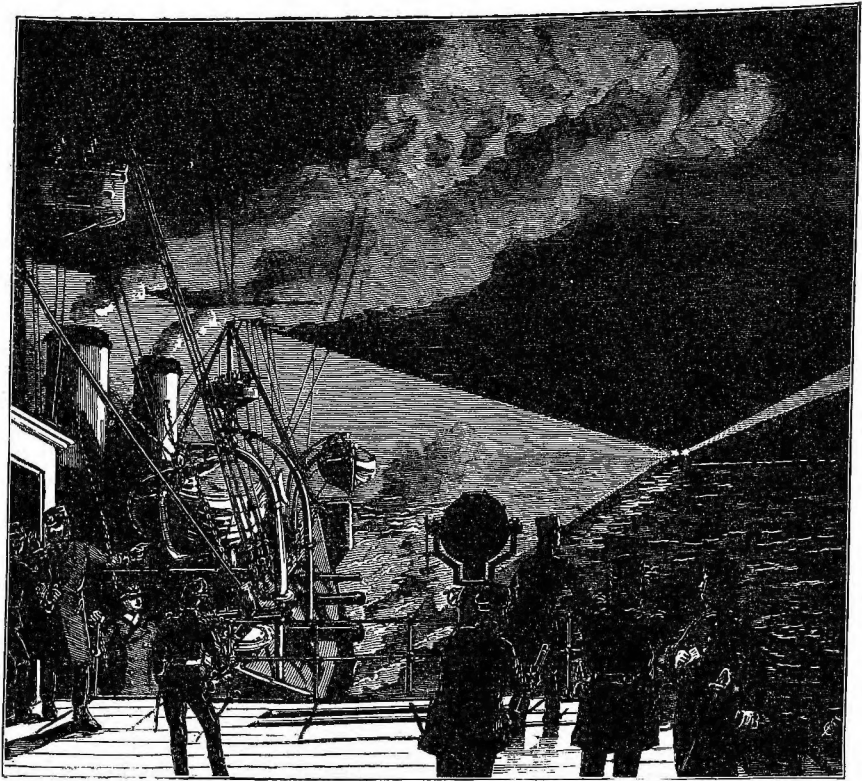
JACK ASHORE IN FOREIGN PORTS often sorely needs a resting place. But at Sydney, New South Wales, Lady Carrington has just laid the foundation-stone of the "Royal Naval House," which is being built by the British "Missions to Seamen" for the use of the 2,500 men-of-war's sailors serving in the Australian Seas. The Sydney Government gave the site. British South Wales will shortly follow suit with a Mission to Seamen Church and Institute at Cardiff for the 60,000 merchant seamen frequenting the port.

THE NEW POLICE SIGNAL SYSTEM, which has lately been tried in Islington, has been bought by the Government, and will probably be extended to other London districts. It consists of pillar-boxes, like the fire alarms, whence messages can be sent to the police-stations by telephone and telegraph, bringing additional police, the van, or the ambulance waggon to the signal within five minutes. Thus a constable can be obtained immediately, and in cases of arrest troublesome persons can be dealt with at once, while the ambulance can convey the injured to the hospital without delay. Keys of the boxes may be had by private persons, but to avoid false alarms the keys, once inserted, cannot be taken out till the police come. The signal costs about 5*l.* yearly for each box.

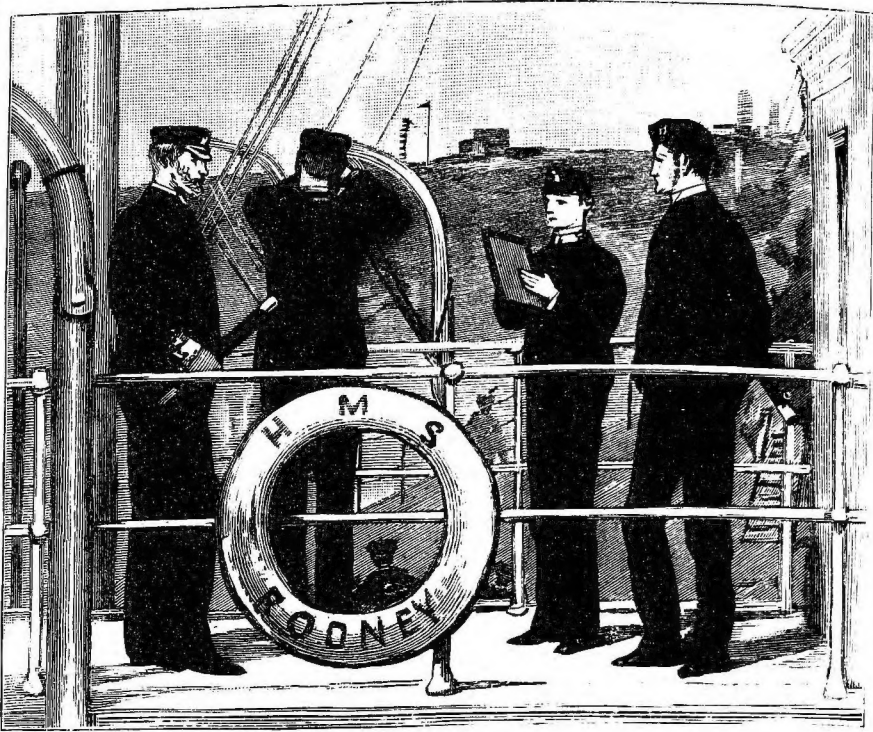
PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—As few European sovereigns visit the Exhibition, the Parisians make all the more of Eastern monarchs. So the King of Boundou, in the Soudan, is the latest arrival, a fine jet-black negro, of forty-two, who supported the French against an insurrection organised by his predecessor, and was made ruler of Boundou as his reward. The Czarewitch is expected, tempted by the glowing accounts sent home by his brother, the Grand Duke George, and the sons of the Khedive have arrived. The Duke of Cambridge thoroughly inspected the Exhibition, and even went up to the lighthouse at the extreme summit of the Eiffel Tower. A book is now kept exclusively for the signature of Royal and princely visitors. Special post-cards, ornamented by views of the Tower, can now be sent from the different platforms, a telegraph office has been installed, and visitors are promised automatic machines which will deliver photos of the Tower on a penny machine put into the slot. Tiny balloons may also be despatched carrying a letter, with an inscription asking the person who picks up the balloon to post the letter. The lifts have been improved, and can make eight journeys hourly instead of six. Somewhat late in the day a fresh section has been opened—the department of Costa-Rica, which has been delayed for lack of funds. The revising jury is now going steadily through the awards, no slight task, considering that 37,605 recompenses have been awarded amongst the 55,153 exhibitors. There are 890 "grands prix," 5,599 gold medals, 11,104 silver medals, 10,985 bronze medals, and 9,027 honourable mentions. The curious diamond Eiffel Tower, made of 40,000 fine brilliants, is being exhibited in Paris. It is worth 80,000*l.*

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,263 against 1,240 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 23, but 220 below the average. The death-rate advanced to 15.1 per 1,000. The fatalities from scarlet fever remain low, notwithstanding the epidemic, there being 17 deaths—an increase of 1, yet 19 below the average. On Saturday last, the London of hospitals contained 966 scarlet fever patients. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths, 3 were cases of suicides, and 3 of infantile violence. There were 2,425 births registered, being an increase of 67, but 229 below the usual return.





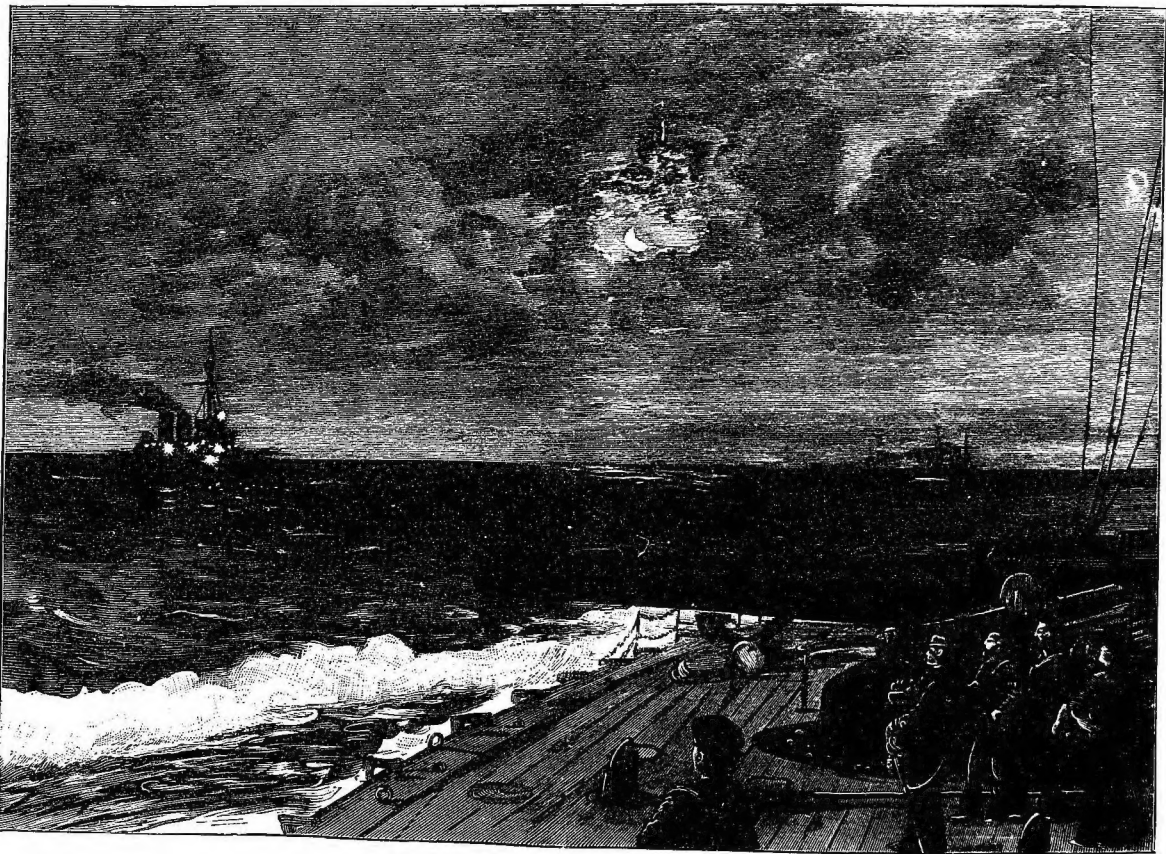
CHASED BY THE ENEMY



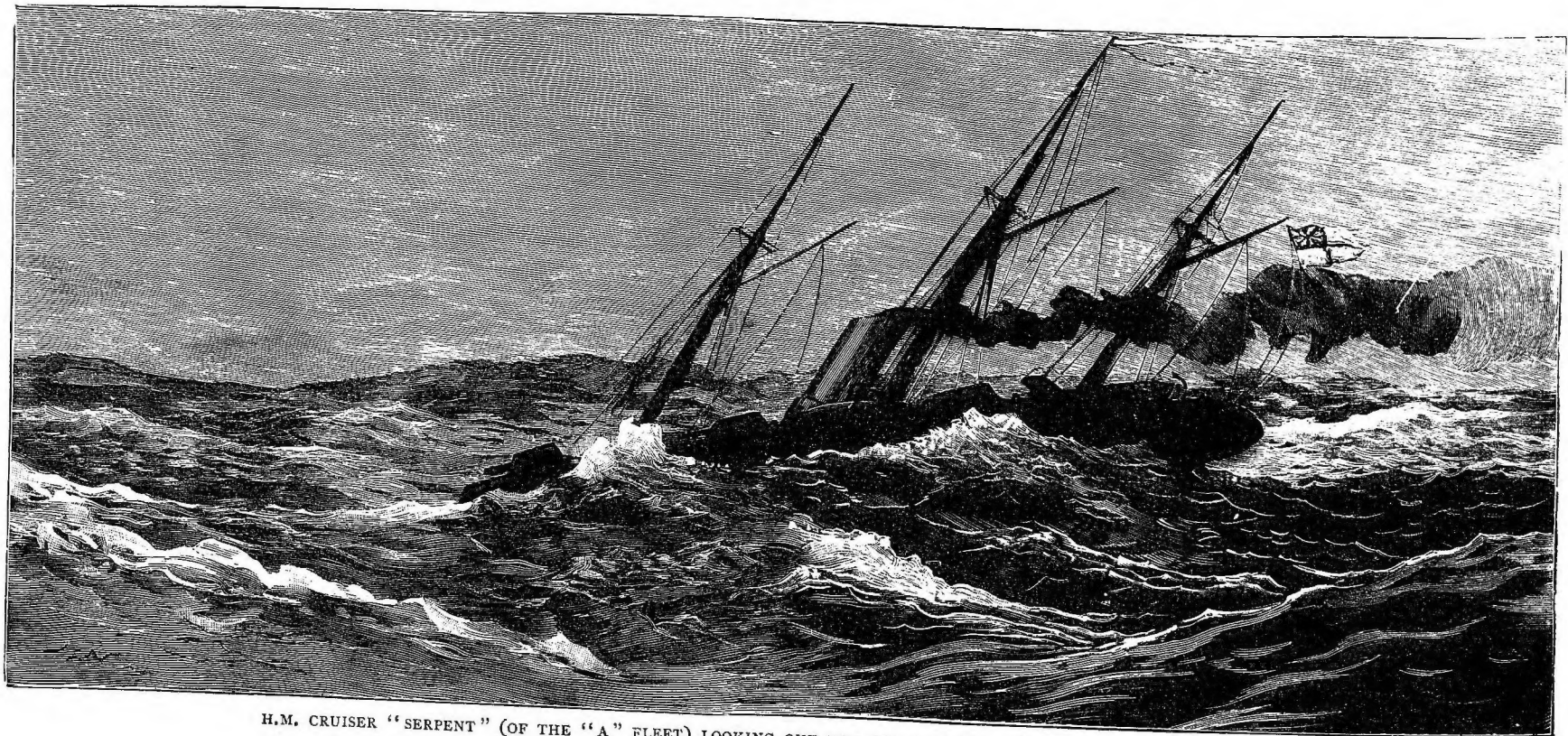
A LENGTHY SIGNAL—THE AFTERBRIDGE OF H.M.S. "RODNEY"



AN EARLY CUP OF COCOA BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, 3 A.M.  
(After Coaling the Ship)



A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER IN THE ATLANTIC



H.M. CRUISER "SERPENT" (OF THE "A" FLEET) LOOKING OUT FOR THE ENEMY'S CRUISERS IN A GALE OFF USHANT

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE FLEETS





DRAWN BY W. SMALL

The bird stopped in mid-air and came down with a thump on the heather.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &amp;C.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE TWELFTH

WHEN Lionel went down early next morning, he found Lady Adela's father in sole possession; and was not long in discovering that the old Earl was in a towering rage.

"Good-morning!" said this tall, pale, stooping-shouldered old gentleman, whose quite hairless face was surmounted by a brown wig. "Well, what do you think of last night's performance? What do you think of it? Did you ever know of any such gross outrage on common decency? Why, God bless my soul and body, I never heard of such a thing!"

Lionel knew quite well what he meant. The fact was that a Free Church minister whom Sir Hugh Cunyngham had met somewhere had called at Aivron Lodge; as the custom of that part of the country is, he was invited to stay to dinner; he sate late, told many stories, and drank a good deal of whisky, until it was not judged prudent to let him try to get his pony across the ford, even if hospitality had not demanded that he should be offered a room for the night; and then, when every one was thinking of getting away to bed, the worthy man must needs insist on having family worship, to which the servants had also to be summoned. It was the inordinate length of this service at such a time of night that had driven old Lord Fareborough to the verge of madness.

"Look at me!" he said to Lionel in tones of deep and bitter indignation. "Look at me—a skeleton—a wreck of a human being who can only get along by the most careful nursing of his nervous system. My heart is affected; I have serious doubts about the state of my lungs; it is only through the most assiduous nursing of my nerves that I exist at all. And what is more maddening than enforced restraint—imprisonment—no chance of leaving the room with all those strange servants at the door; why, God bless my soul, I call it an outrage! I yield to no one in respect for the cloth, whether it is worn by a Presbyterian, or a Catholic, or one of my own Church; but I say that no one has a right to thrust religious services down my throat! What the devil did Cunyngham mean by asking him to stay to dinner at all?"

"As I understand it," said Lionel, with a becoming diffidence, "it was some suggestion of Captain Waveney's. He said the Free Church ministers were particular friends of the crofters—and of course the goodwill of the crofters is of importance to a shooting-tenant."

"The goodwill of the crofters!" the bewigged old nobleman broke in, impatiently. "Are you aware, sir, that the Strathaviron Branch of the Land League met last week and passed a resolution declaring salmon to be ground-game? What are you to do with people like that? How are you to reason with them? What is

the use of pacifying them? They are in the hands of violent and malevolent revolutionaries—it is war they want—it is 1789 they want—it is plunder and robbery and confiscation they want—and the right of every man to live idle at the cost of the State! Why, God bless my soul, the idea that you are to try to pacify these ignorant savages—"

But here Lionel, who began to fancy that he had discovered another Octavius Quirk, was afforded relief; for the minister himself appeared; and at the very sight of him Lord Fareborough indignantly quitted the room. The minister, who was a rather irascible-looking little man with a weather-reddened face and rusty whiskers, inquired of Lionel whether it was possible to procure a glass of milk; but when Lionel rang the bell and had some brought for him, the minister observed that milk by itself was a dangerous thing in the morning; whereupon the butler had to be sent for, who produced the spirit-decanter; and then, and finally, the minister, boldly discarding the milk altogether, poured out for himself a good solid dram, and drank it off with much evident satisfaction.

Now the ladies began to make their appearance, some of them going along to the gun-room to hear what the head-keeper had to say, others of them trooping out by the front door to guess at the weather. Among the latter was Miss Honnor Cunyngham; and Lionel, who had followed her, went up to her.

"A beautiful morning, isn't it?" he said.

"I'm afraid it's too beautiful," said she in reply. "Look up there."

And she was right. This was far too picturesque and vivid a morning to portend well for a shooting-day. Down at the further end of the strath, the skies were banked up with dark and heavy clouds; the lake-like sweep of the river was of a sombre and livid blue; and between the indigo stream and the purple skies, a long neck of land, catching the sunlight, burned the most brilliant gold. And even as they stood and looked, a faint grey veil gradually interposed between them and the distant landscape; a rainbow slowly formed, spanning the broad valley; and then behind the fairy curtain of the shower they could see the yellow river-banks, and the birchwoods, and the farther-stretching hills all vaguely and spectrally shining in the sun.

"But this is a very peculiar glen," said she. "It often threatens like that when it means nothing. You may get a perfectly dry, still day after all. And Mr. Moore, may I ask you if what you said about your shooting yesterday afternoon was entirely true, or only a bit of modesty?"

"If it comes to that," he said, "I never shot a grouse in my life—no, nor ever shot at one."

"Because," she continued, with a certain hesitation which was

indeed far removed from her usual manner, "because you—you seem rather sensitive to criticism—to other people's opinion—and if you wouldn't think it impertinent of me to offer you some hints—well, for what they are worth—"

"But I should be immensely grateful!" he answered at once.

"Well," she said, in an undertone, so that no one should overhear, "you know, on the Twelfth, with such still weather as we have had for the last week or two, the birds are never wild; you needn't be in the least anxious; you won't be called upon for snap-shots at all; you can afford to take plenty of time and get well on to the birds before you fire. You see, you will be in the middle; you will take any bird that gets up in front of you; my brother and Captain Waveney will take the outside ones and the awkward cross shots. And if a covey gets up all at once, they won't expect you to pick out the old cock first; they'll do all that; in fact, you must put yourself at your ease, and not be anxious, and everything will be right—"

"Honor!" called Lady Adela. "Come away at once—breakfast is in." So that Lionel had no proper opportunity of thanking the young lady for her friendly counsel and the interest she took in his small affairs.

Breakfast was a merry meal; for as soon as the things had been brought in, the servants were allowed to leave; and while Lady Adela poured out the tea and coffee, the gentlemen carved for themselves at the sideboard or handed round the dishes at table. The Rev. Mr. MacNachten, the little Free Church Minister, was especially vivacious and humorous, abounding with facetious anecdotes and jests and personal reminiscences; until, observing that breakfast was over, he composed his countenance, and proceeded to return thanks. The grace (in spite of Lord Fareborough's nervous qualms) was comparatively a short one; and at the end of it they all rose and were for going their several ways.

But this was not to the Minister's mind.

"Your leddyship," said he, addressing his hostess in impressive tones, "it would be ill done of us to be assembled on such an occasion without endeavouring to make profitable use of it. I propose to say a few words in season, if ye will have the kindness to call in the servants."

Lady Adela glanced towards her husband with some apprehension on her face (for she knew the importance attached to the morning of the Twelfth), but whatever Sir Hugh may have thought he made no sign. Accordingly there was nothing for it but that she should ring the bell and summon the whole household; and in a few minutes the door of the room was surrounded by a group of Highland women-servants and gillies, the English servants rather hanging back in the hall. The breakfast-party had resumed their seats; but the Minister remained standing; and presently,



when perfect silence had been secured, he lifted up his voice in prayer.

Well, it was a sufficiently earnest prayer; and it was listened to with profound attention by the smart-looking lasses and tall and swarthy gillies clustering about the door; but to the English part of his audience its chief features were its curiously exhortatory and argumentative character and also its interminable length. As the Minister went on and on, the frown of impatience on Lord Fareborough's face deepened and deepened; he fretted and fumed and fidgeted; but of course he could not bring disgrace on his son-in-law's house by rising and leaving the room. Nor did it convey much consolation to the sportsmen to hear the heavy tramp of the head-keeper just outside the windows; for they knew that Roderick must be making use of the most frightful language over this unheard-of delay.

But at last this tremendous oration—for it was far more of an oration than a prayer—came to an end; and the congregation drew a long breath and were about to seize their newly-found liberty when the Minister quietly remarked—

"We will now sing the Hundred and Twenty-First Psalm." "God bless my soul!" exclaimed Lord Fareborough, aloud; and Lady Adela flushed quickly; for it was not seemly of her father to give way to such anger before those keen-eyed and keen-eared Highland servants.

However, the Rev. Mr. MacNachten took no heed. He began to sing, in a slow and raucous fashion, and to the melancholy tune of *Ballerma*—

*I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
From whence doth come mine aid;*

and presently there came from the door a curious nasal wail, men and women singing in unison, and seemingly afraid to trust their voices. As for the people in the room no one tried to join in this part of the service—no one except Honnor Cunyngham, who appeared to know the words of the Psalm and the music equally well, for she accompanied the Minister throughout, singing boldly and simply and without shyness, her clear voice making marked contrast with his raven notes. Nor was this all; for when the Psalm was finished, the Minister said—

"My friends, when it hath pleased the Lord that we should meet together, we should commune one with another, to the perfecting of ourselves for that greater assemblage to which I hope we are all bound." And then, without further preface, he proceeded to exhort them to well-doing in all the duties of life—as masters and mistresses, as servants, as parents, as children, as brothers, as fellow-Christians; while at the end of each rambling and emphatic passage there came in a verse from Ecclesiastes: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His Commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Alas! there was no conclusion to this matter. The little violent-faced minister warmed to his work, inasmuch that several times he used a Gaelic phrase the better to impress those patient listeners at the door, while he paid less and less attention to the congregation in the room. Indeed the hopeless resignation that had at first settled down on some of their faces had given place to a most obvious resentment; but what did that matter to Mr. MacNachten, who was not looking their way? Again and again Sir Hugh Cunyngham forlornly pulled out his watch; but the hint was not taken. Lord Fareborough was beside himself with unrest; he drummed his fingers on the tablecloth; he crossed one leg, and then the other; while more than once he made a noise between his tongue and his teeth which fortunately could not be heard far amid the rolling periods of the sermon. Captain Waveney, who was master of the ceremonies in all that concerned the shooting—even as he was Sir Hugh's right hand man in the matter of cattle-breeding at the Braes—on several occasions, when a momentary pause occurred, jumped to his feet as if on the assumption that the discourse was finished; but this *ruse* was quite ineffectual; for the preacher took no notice of him. And meanwhile the huge figure of Roderick Munro could be seen marching up and down outside the windows, while a pair of wrathful eyes glared in from time to time; and Lady Adela, noticing these baleful glances, began to hope that the irate head-keeper would not secretly instruct a gillie to go and throw the minister into the river as he was crossing the ford on his way home.

"May God forgive the scoundrel!" cried Lord Fareborough, when, the sermon at long length being over and the small crowd allowed to disperse, he was free to hasten along to the gun-room to get his boots. "And I am expected to shoot after having my nerves tortured like this! Who are going with me? Rockminster and Lestrangle?—Well, they must understand that I will not be hurried and flurried—I say I will not be hurried and flurried—I don't want to fall down dead—my heart won't recover this morning's work for months to come! God bless my soul, who asked that insolent scoundrel to stay the night! And what's that, Waveney—the ladies coming out to lunch? The ladies coming out to lunch on the Twelfth—and the day half over: they must be out of their senses!"

"That is the arrangement," Captain Waveney said, with rather a rueful laugh, as he, too, was lacing up his boots. "Lady Rosamund is going to take a sketch of the luncheon-party."

"Let her take a sketch of the devil!" said this very angry and inconsiderate papa. "Why can't she do it some other day?—why the Twelfth?—Good heavens, is everything conspiring to vex and annoy me so that I shan't be able to hit a haystack?"

"Sir Hugh never says no to anything that Lady Rosamund asks," observed Captain Waveney, with much good-humour.

"Sir Hugh be —" And here Lord Fareborough expressed a wish about his son-in-law and host that was probably only a figure of speech.

"Well, I don't know about that," the other replied complacently, as he went to the couch and removed the cloth laid over the guns to protect them from the fine peat-dust (for a huge peat-fire burned continuously in this great gun-room, for the drying of garments brought home wet from the shooting or fishing). "I don't know about that; but at present the arrangement is that we lunch at the top of the Bad Step; and I believe that Miss Cunyngham is coming back from the Junction Pool, so that Lady Rosamund may have her sketch complete."

Indeed, this untoward incident of the minister's misplaced zeal seemed to throw a certain gloom over the small party to which Lionel soon found himself attached, as it moved away from the house. The tall, brown-bearded head-keeper was in a sullen rage, though he could only reveal his wrath in sharp little sentences of discontent. Sir Hugh had also been put out at losing the best part of the morning; and Captain Waveney, who was a dapper little man, full of brisk spirits, did not care to talk to silent persons. As for Lionel, he was certainly very nervous and anxious; but none the less resolved to remember and act upon Honnor Cunyngham's advice. The tail of the procession was brought up by a gillie leading, or rather holding in, two brace of remarkably handsome Gordon setters, and another gillie in charge of a patient-eyed pony with a couple of panniers slung over its back.

However, the busy work of the day soon banished these idle regrets. When they had climbed a bit of the hill-side, and passed through a gate in a rude stone wall, they stopped for a second to put cartridges in their guns; the keeper had two of the dogs uncoupled; while the gillie, putting a strap on the coupling of the other two, led them away to a convenient knoll, where he lay down,

the gillie with the pony following his example. And scarcely had the two dogs began to work this open bit of moorland when one of them suddenly ceased its wide ranging—suddenly as if it had been turned to stone; and then slowly, slowly it began to draw forward, its companion, a younger dog, backing beautifully, and looking on with startled, watchful eyes. It was an anxious moment for the famous young baritone of the New Theatre; for the dog was right in front of him; and as the three guns, in line, stealthily moved forward, he made sure that this bird was going to get up just before him. Despite all his resolve to be perfectly cool and calm, his heart was beating quickly; and again and again he was repeating to himself Honnor Cunyngham's counsel—and wondering whether he himself would disgrace himself at the very outset—when some bewildering would sprang from the ground—there was a terrific *whirr*—a crack! from Captain Waveney's gun—and away along there the grouse came tumbling down into the heather. Almost at the same moment there was another appalling *whirr* on his right—followed by a bang from Sir Hugh's gun—and another bird fell headlong. After the briefest pause for reloading, the setter, that had obediently dropped at the first shot, was encouraged to go forward, the guns warily following. But it turned out that this had been an outlying brace of birds; the dogs were soon ranging freely again; Roderick picked up the slain grouse; and the whole party went on.

"Sorry you didn't get the first shot, Mr. Moore," said Sir Hugh—who was a short, thick-set man, with a fresh-coloured face, iron-grey hair, and keen, light-blue eyes.

"I wish the birds would all rise to you two," Lionel said. "Then I shouldn't have to pitch into myself for missing."

"Oh, you'll soon get into the way of it," Sir Hugh said, good-naturedly. "There's never much doing along this face."

"I'll bet Bruce is on to something," Captain Waveney exclaimed, suddenly. In fact only one of the ranging setters was now in sight; and Roderick had quickly ran up to the top of a heathery knoll, to have them both in view. At the same moment they saw him hold up his arm to warn the inattentive Venus.

"How, Venus! How, Venus!" he called in a low voice; and immediately the dog, observing that its companion was drawing on to a point, became rigid.

The guns were on the scene directly; and they were just in time; for with a simultaneous rattle of wings that seemed to fill the air, a small covey of birds sprang from the heather and appeared to vanish into space. At least Lionel saw nothing of the others; his attention was concentrated on one that seemed to be flying away in a straight line from him; and after pausing for half a second (during which he was calling on himself to be cool) he pulled the trigger. To his inexpressible satisfaction the bird stopped in the mid-air and came down with a thump on the heather, where it gave but one flutter and then lay still. He turned to see what his companions had done with their brisk fusillade. But he could not make out. They were still watching the setter, that was again being encouraged to go on, lest a stray bird or two might still be in hiding. However, the quest was fruitless. The whole of the small covey had risen simultaneously. So Roderick picked up the dead birds, and put them on a conspicuous stone, at the same time signalling to the gillie with the pony, who was slowly coming up. Then the shooting party went forward again.

"How many birds rose then?" Lionel asked of his host.

"Five."

"And you got them all?" he said, judging by what he had seen the head-keeper pick up.

"Oh, yes, we got them all. They spread out like a fan. Waveney got one brace, and I another. I suppose," he added, with a smile, "you were too intent on your own bird to notice?"

"Yes, I was," he said, honestly; but he was none the less elated; for he knew that a good beginning would give him confidence.

And it did. They were soon at a part of the moor where the fun grew fast and furious; and keeping as close as he could to certain-ties, or what looked like certainties, he was doing very fairly well. As for the other two, he could only judge of their prowess by the birds the keeper picked up; for he kept strictly to his own business; and rarely ventured on a second shot. But it was clear that both Sir Hugh and Captain Waveney were highly pleased by the way things were going. There were plenty of birds; they lay well; the dogs were working beautifully; and the bag was mounting up at a rate that promised to atone for the delay of the morning. In fact they were now disposed to regard that episode as rather a comical affair.

"I say, Waveney," Sir Hugh remarked, as they paused for a moment to have a sip of cold tea, for the day was hot, "you'd better confess it: you put up the old Minister to give us that frightfully long service this morning. It was a joke on Lord Fareborough—now, wasn't it?"

"It may have been; but I had nothing to do with it anyway," was the answer. "Not I. Too serious a joke. I thought his lordship was going to have a fit of apoplexy when he came into the gun-room."

"My good fellow, don't talk like that!" the other exclaimed. "If you mention apoplexy to him, he'll add that on to the hundred-and-twenty diseases and dangers that threaten his life every moment. Apoplexy? What has he got already?—gout, asthma, heart disease, his lungs giving way, his liver in a frightful condition, his nervous system gone to bits—and yet all the same the old hypocrite is going to try for a stag before he leaves. I suppose he'll want Roderick to carry him as soon as he quits the pony! Well, come along, Mr. Moore: we've done pretty well so far, I think."

But it was not Lionel who needed any incitement to go forward; he was far more eager than any of his companions, now that he had been acquitting himself none so ill. Moreover, he had youth on his side, and a sound chest, while nature had not given him a pair of well-formed calves for nothing; so that he faced the steep hill-sides or got over the rough ground with comparative ease, rejoicing the while in the unwonted freedom of knickerbockers. It was Sir Hugh, with his bulky habit of body, who got blown now and again: as for Captain Waveney, he was a pretty tough subject and wiry. So they fought bravely on, to atone for the inhuman detention of the morning; and by the time it was necessary to make for the appointed luncheon-rendezvous they had the wherewithal to give a very excellent account of themselves.

Now several times during the morning they had come in view of the Aivron, winding far below them through the wide strath, or narrowing to a thread as it rose towards the high horizon-line in the west; and always, when there was a momentary chance, Lionel's eye had sought these distant sweeps and bends for some glimpse of the lonely angler-maiden, and sought in vain. The long valley seemed empty; and some little feeling of shyness prevented his asking his companions to point out the Junction Pool, whither, as he understood, she had been bound in the morning. And as they now approached the appointed place of meeting, he was quite disturbed by the fancy that she might have strayed away into unknown regions, and be absent from this general pic-nic; and the moment they came in sight of the group of people who were strolling about, or looking on while the servants spread out the table-cloth on the heather, and brought forth the various viands, one swift glance told him she was not present. Here was a disappointment! He wanted to tell her how he had got on, under her kind instruction—this was his own explanation of the pang her absence caused him; but presently he had found another; for Lady Rosamund was grouping the people for her sketch; and what would the sketch be without Honnor Cunyngham in it? He made bold to say so.

"Oh, you can't depend on Honnor," Lady Adela said. "She

may have risen a fish, or may have got hold of one. But if you want to know whether she is likely to turn up, you might go out to that point, Mr. Moore, and then you'll be able to see whether she is coming anywhere near the Bad Step."

Willingly enough he went down through the scattered birch-trees to a projecting point overlooking the river from a very considerable height; and there, right below him, he discovered what it was they called the Bad Step. The precipice on which he stood going sheer down into the Aivron, the path along the stream left the banks some distance off, came up to where he stood, and then descended again by a deep gorge probably cut by water-power through the slaty rock. And even as he was regarding this twilit chasm it suddenly appeared to him that there were two figures away down there, crossing the burn at the foot; and then one of them, in grey—unmistakably the fisher-maiden herself—began the ascent. How she managed to obtain a footing he could not make out; for the path was no path, but merely a zig-zag track on the surface of the loose shingle—shingle so loose that he could see it yield to her every step, while the *débri* rolled away down to the bed of the burn. But still she fought her way upward, and at last she stood face to face with him, smiling, but a little breathless.

"That's a frightful place to come up," said he.

"Oh, it's nothing when you know it," she said, lightly. "Tell me, how did you get on this morning?"

"Thanks to you, I think I did pretty well," said he.

"I'm awfully glad of that," said she; and the soft clear hazel eyes repeated her words in their own transparent way.

"I remembered all your instructions," he continued (and he was in no hurry that Miss Cunyngham should go on to the luncheon-party; while old Robert stood patiently by). "And I was very fortunate in getting easy shots. Then when I did miss, either Sir Hugh or Captain Waveney was sure to get the bird: I never saw such smart shooting."

"What have you done?"

"Altogether?"

"Yes?"

"I don't know. The panniers are being emptied, to make a show for Lady Rosamund's sketch. I fancy there are close on sixty brace of grouse, with some blue hares, and a snipe, and a wild duck."

"What has Lord Fareborough's party done?"

"I don't know: they have just shown up—so you needn't hurry on, unless you are hungry."

"But I am—very hungry," said she, with a laugh. "I have been hard at work all the morning."

"Oh, in that case," he said, eagerly, "by all means come along, and I'll get you something at once. You and I needn't wait for the emptying of the other panniers. Oh, yes, that will do first-rate: I'm a duffer at shooting, you know, Miss Cunyngham, but I'm a splendid forager at a pic-nic. Let me carry the gaff for you."

"Oh, no, thank you," she said, "I merely use it as a walking-stick coming up the Bad Step."

"And there," he exclaimed, as they went on through the birch-wood, "look at the selfishness of men! You ask all about my shooting; but I never asked what luck you had with your fishing."

"Well, I've had rather bad luck," she said, simply. "I lost a fish in the Geinig Pool, after having him on for about five minutes, and I rose another in the Horse-Shoe Pool, and couldn't get him to come again all I could do. But I mean to call upon him in the afternoon."

A sudden inspiration flashed into his brain.

"I should like to come and see you try for him," he said, quickly. "I suppose they wouldn't mind my sending home my gun?"

"Mr. Moore!" she said, with her eyes downcast. "They'd think you were mad to leave a shooting-party on the Twelfth. You can see a salmon caught, or catch one yourself, any time."

He felt a little bit snubbed, he hardly knew why; but of course she knew what was right in all such things; and so he humbly acquiesced. Indeed, he could not contest the point; for now they had come upon the picnic-party, where luncheon was in full swing. Lord Fareborough had declared on his arrival that he would not wait for the completion of his daughter's sketch; his nervous system was not to be tried in any such fashion; luncheon must be proceeded with at once, and Lady Rosamund could make her drawing when the gentlemen were smoking afterwards. Lady Adela wanted to wait for Mr. Moore, but she, too, was overruled by the impatient hypochondriac. So Lionel set to work to form a seat for Miss Honnor, out of some bracken that the gillies had cut and brought along; and also he exclusively looked after her—to Miss Georgie Lestrangle's chagrin; for Lord Rockminster was too lazy to attend to any one but himself; and what girl likes being waited on by her brother, when other young men are about?

And now the burly and broad-shouldered host of all these people called on them unanimously to forgive the Minister for the injury he had unintentionally done them in the morning.

"It wasn't the good man's fault at all; it was Waveney's," Sir Hugh continued, as he got hold of a spoon and dived it into a pigeon-pie. "I assure you it was a practical joke that Captain Waveney played upon the whole of you. He gave the Minister a little hint—and the thing was done."

Lord Fareborough glared at the culprit as if he expected to see the heavens fall upon him; but Lady Adela observed, with a touch of dignity—

"I hope I know Captain Waveney well enough not to believe that he would turn any religious service into a practical joke."

"I hope so, too, Lady Adela," the dapper little Captain instantly replied, though without any great embarrassment. "That's hardly my line of country. But there's another thing: Sir Hugh may ask you to believe anything, but he won't make you believe that I could trifle with such a sacred subject as the morning of the Twelfth."

"Faith, you're right there, Waveney," Sir Hugh said, with a laugh. "Well, we've done our best to make up for the loss of time. And now, Rose, if you want to have your sketch, fire away! I'm going to light a pipe; but, mind, we shan't stop here very long. You'd better put in us men at once; and then you can draw in the ladies, and the game, and the luncheon at your leisure."

"And if you want me, Rose," Honnor Cunyngham said, "please put me in at once, too; for I'm going away back to the Horse Shoe Pool."

"My dear child," Lady Adela protested, "you'll break your neck some day going down that Bad Step. I really think Hugh should have a windlass at the top, and let people down by a rope. Now look alive, Rose, and get your sketch begun: I can see the gentlemen are all impatient to be off. And mind you have Mr. Moore rolling up a cigarette: it won't be natural otherwise."

She was right about one thing anyway; the sportsmen were undoubtedly impatient to be off; and it is to be feared that Lady Rosamund's sketch suffered by the restlessness of her models. Indeed, after a very little while, Lord Fareborough indignantly rose, and declared he never had known a Twelfth of August so shamelessly sacrificed. He, for one, would have no more of it. He called to the under-keeper to bring along the gillies and the dogs; whereupon Lady Rosamund, who had a temper not quite in consonance with the calm and statuesque beauty of her features, closed her sketch-book and threw it aside, saying she would make the drawing some other day when she found the gentlemen a little more considerate.

And soon Lionel and his two companions were at their brisk occupation again; though ever and anon his thoughts would go wandering away to the Horse-Shoe Pool, and his fancy was picturing



the fisher-mermaid on the summit of a great grey boulder, while a fifteen-pounder raced and chased in the black deeps below. Sometimes he tried to get a glimpse of the upper stretches of the river; but this was a dangerous trick when all his attention was demanded by the work on hand. In any case his scrutiny of those far regions was unavailing; for the Horse Shoe Pool is on the Geinig, a tributary of the Aivron, and not visible from the hill-slopes along which they were now shooting.

The bag mounted up steadily; for the afternoon, despite the threats of the morning, remained fine and clear and still; the birds lay close; and the two outside guns were skilful performers. As for Lionel, he had now acquired a certain confidence; he took no shame that he reserved himself for the easy shots; the nasty ones he could safely leave to his companions. At last, as they came in sight of a lovely little tarn lying under a distant hillock, and could descry two small dots floating on the smooth surface of the water, Sir Hugh said to his head-keeper.

"See here, Roderick, are those ducks or mergansers?"

The keeper took a long look before he made reply.

"I'm not sure, Sir Hugh, but I am thinking they are mergansers, for I was seeing seeing two or three lately."

"Very well, call in the dogs. I'm going to sit down and have a pipe. I suppose you'll do the same, Mr. Moore—though I must say this for you that you can walk. You have the advantage of youth; and you haven't as much to carry as I have. Well, I propose we have a few minutes' rest; and we will occupy ourselves in watching Waveney stalk those mergansers. There's a job for you, Waveney. They are the most detestable birds alive to have near a forest or a salmon-stream."

"Why, what harm can they do to the salmon?" Lionel asked, as he saw Captain Waveney at once change the cartridges in his gun for No. 4's, and set off down the hill-side.

"They snap up the parr, of course," said his heavy-shouldered host, as he drew out a wooden pipe and a pouch of black Cavenish, "but that isn't the worst: they disturb the pools most abominably—swimming about under water they frighten the salmon out of their senses. But when you get them about a deer-forest they are a still more intolerable nuisance; you are never safe; just as you are getting up to the stag creeping along the course of a burn, perhaps, bang! goes one of those brutes like a sky-rocket, and the whole herd are instantly on the alert. Oh, that's a job old Waveney likes well enough; and it will give the dogs a rest as well as ourselves."

By this time the stalker had got out of sight. He was making a considerable detour so as to get round by the back of the hillock unobserved; and when he came into view again, he was on the other side of the valley. The mergansers, if they were mergansers, were still swimming about unsuspectingly, though sometimes at a considerable distance apart.

"Does Miss Cunyngham shoot as well as fish?" Lionel ventured to ask.

"She has tried it," her brother said, as he called up Roderick, and gave him a dram out of his capacious flask. "And I think she might shoot very well; but she doesn't care about it. It is too violent, she says. The sudden bang disturbs the charm of the scenery—something of that kind—I'm not up in these things; but she's an odd kind of girl. Tremendously fond of quietude and solitude; we've found her in the most unexpected places—and there are some lonely places about these hills. I tell her she shouldn't go on these long excursions without taking old Robert with her: supposing she were to sprain her ankle—she might have to remain there all night and half the next day before we could find her. Sooner or later I know she'll startle some solitary shepherd out of his senses; he'll come back to his hut swearing that he has seen a Grey Lady where no mortal woman could be. Hullo, there's Waveney again—he'll soon be on them."

They could see him stealing across the top of the hillock, and then making his way down behind certain rocks that served as a screen between him and the birds. Then he disappeared again.

"Why doesn't he fire?" Lionel asked, presently. "He must be quite close to them."

"Not so close as you imagine," was the answer. "Probably he is waiting until they come nearer together."

The next moment there stepped boldly forth the slight brown figure; the birds instantly rose from the water, and with swift straight flight made down the valley; but they had not got many yards when there were two white puffs of smoke, both birds almost simultaneously came tumbling to the ground, and then followed the double report of a gun.

"Waveney has got his eye in to-day for certain," Sir Hugh said. "But what's the use of his bringing the birds along?—they're no good to anybody."

"I thought perhaps they might be of some use for salmon-flies," Captain Waveney explained, as he came up. "Aren't they, Roderick?"

The keeper regarded the two birds contemptuously, and shook his head.

"Well, Waveney, we will give you five minutes' grace, if you like," Sir Hugh said. "Sit down and have a pipe."

But this slim and wiry warrior had not even taken the gun from his shoulder.

"No, no," said he, "if you are ready, I am. I can get plenty of smoking done in the South."

So they began again: but the afternoon was now on the wane, and the beats were leading them homewards. Only two small incidents that befell the novice need mentioning. The first happened in this wise: the dogs were ranging widely over what appeared to be rather a barren beat, when suddenly one of them came to a dead point a considerable distance on. Of course Captain Waveney and Sir Hugh hurried forward; but Lionel could not, for he had got into trouble with a badly jammed cartridge. Just as he heard the first shot fired, he managed to get the empty case extracted and to replace it with a full one; and then he was about to hasten forward when he saw the covey rise—a large covey it was—while Captain Waveney got a right and left, and Sir Hugh fired his remaining barrel, for he had not had time to reload. At the same instant Lionel found that one of the birds had doubled back and was coming right over his head: up went his gun; he blazed away; and down rolled the grouse some dozen yards behind him.

"Well done!" Sir Hugh called out. "A capital shot!"

"A ghastly fluke, Sir Hugh!" Lionel called out in return. "I simply fired in the air."

"And a very good way of firing too!" was the naïf rejoinder.

But his next achievement was hardly so creditable. They were skirting the edge of a birch-wood that clothed the side of a steep precipice overlooking the Aivron, where there were some patches of bracken among the heather, when the setter in front of him—a young dog—began to draw rather falteringly on to something.

"Ware rabbit, Hector!" the keeper said, in an undertone.

But meanwhile the older dog, that was backing in front of Captain Waveney, whether it was impatient of this uncertainty on the part of its younger companion, or whether it was jealous, managed unobserved to steal forward a foot or two, until suddenly it stopped rigid.

"Good dog, Iris, good dog!" Captain Waveney said (for he had overlooked that little bit of stealthy advance), and he shifted his gun from his right hand to his left, and stooped down, and patted the animal's neck—though all the time he was looking well ahead.

Then all at once there was a terrific whirr of wings; Waveney

quickly put his gun to his shoulder—paused—took it down again; at the same moment Lionel, finding a bird within his proper field, as he considered—though it was going away at a prodigious speed—took steady aim and fired. That distant object dropped—there was not a flutter. Of course the keeper and Sir Hugh were still watching the young dog; but when this doubtful scent came to nothing, Sir Hugh turned to Lionel.

"That was a long shot of yours, Mr. Moore," said he. "And very excusable."

"Excusable?" said Lionel, wondering what he had done this time.

"Of course you knew that was a blackcock?" the other said.

"A blackcock?" he repeated.

"Didn't you hear Roderick call out? Didn't you see Waveney put up his gun and then take it down?"

"Neither the one nor the other; I only saw a bird before me—and fired."

"Oh, well, there's no great harm done: if a man has no worse sin on his conscience than shooting a blackcock on the Twelfth, he should sleep sound o' nights. Waveney is fastidious. I dare say if the bird had come my way, I should not have resisted the temptation."

Lionel considered that Sir Hugh was an exceedingly considerate and good-natured person; and in fact when they picked up the dead bird, and when he was regarding its handsome plumage, it cannot fairly be said that he was very sorry for his venial mistake. Only he considered he was bound in honour to make confession to Miss Cunyngham.

Alas! he was to see little of Miss Cunyngham that night. As soon as dinner was over—and Sir Hugh and his satellite had left the dining-room to enter up the game-book, write labels for special friends, and generally finish up the business of the day—Lady Adela proposed a game of Dumb Crambo; and in this she was heartily backed up by the Lestranges, for Miss Georgie seemed to think that the mantle of Kitty Clive had descended upon her shoulders, while her brother evidently regarded himself as a facetious person. Speedily it appeared, however, that there was to be a permanent and stationary audience. Lord Fareborough—especially after dinner, when his nervous system was still in dark deliberation as to what it meant to do with him—was too awful a personage to be approached; Honnor Cunyngham good-humouredly said that she was too stupid to join in; and Lord Rockminster declared that if that was her excuse, it applied much more obviously to himself. Accordingly, the remaining members of the house-party had to form the entertainers; and never had Lionel entered into any pastime with so little zest. These people could not act a bit; and yet he had to coach them; and then he and they had to go into the drawing-room and perform their antics before that calm-browed young lady (who nevertheless regarded the proceedings with the most friendly interest) and her companion, the stolid young lord. He could not help acknowledging to himself that Miss Honnor Cunyngham and Lord Rockminster formed a remarkably handsome couple as they sat together there on a couch at right angles with the fireplace; but the distinguished appearance of the audience did not console him for the consciousness that the performers were making themselves absurd. He was impatient, ashamed, of the whole affair. Dark and sullen thoughts went flashing through his brain of saving up every penny he could get hold of and going away into some savage wilderness in Ross or Sutherland, to be seen of actors and amateurs no more. His gun and his rod would be his sole companions; his library would consist of St. John, Colquhoun, 'Stonehenge,' and Francis (not of Assisi); by moor and stream he would earn his own subsistence; and theatres, and fashionable life, and the fantastic aspirations and ambitions of *les Précieuses Ridicules* would be banished from him for ever. But fortunately a nine o'clock dinner had driven this foolish entertainment late, so that it did not last long; the ladies were unanimously willing to retire; the gentlemen thereupon trooped off to the gunroom to have a smoke and a glass of whisky and soda-water; and very soon thereafter the deep-breathing calm of the whole household told that the labours of the Twelfth were over.

(To be continued)



NOTWITHSTANDING the many books which have been written on the French Revolution, Mr. John S. Alger's "Englishmen in the French Revolution" (S. Low and Co.) is a welcome addition to the records of those stirring times. The author has spared no pains in getting up his subject, and the result is a decidedly interesting volume. To the general reader a good many of the persons mentioned in Mr. Alger's book are comparatively unknown. There was Lord Massacre, who was freed from La Force by the rioters, after having been imprisoned for eighteen years, and also William Playfair, who assisted in the capture of the Bastille, and who afterwards fled to Holland, and thence to England, owing, it is said, to Barrère having procured an order for his arrest. Here, too, we find some curious details relating to Dr. Rigby, Gem (*alias* Ghym), Mrs. Freeman Shepherd, and many others. There are, of course, certain people of English nationality, who took part in the Revolution, mentioned in Mr. Alger's book, whose names are well known, such as Tom Paine, Dr. Moore, Arthur Young, Helen Williams, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Sydney Smith, but even in respect to them Mr. Alger has been able to make many corrections. The most detestable of Mr. Alger's personages are undoubtedly Grieve the Jacobin informer, who hunted Madame du Barry to death, John James Arthur, a member of the Paris Commune, and John Baptist O'Sullivan, who caused his own brother (Charles O'Sullivan) to be guillotined.

Dr. J. Bowles Daly has followed up his "Ireland in '98" with "Glimpses of Irish Industries" (Ward and Downey). The book is a valuable record of the industrial aspect of the Emerald Isle at the present time, and the author, whilst pointing out the causes of the decline of Irish industries, endeavours in every case to suggest an adequate remedy. Speaking of the provision trade in Ireland, Dr. Daly remarks: "In order to resuscitate the meat trade a number of slaughter-houses should be erected in Ireland, and the railway lines should provide refrigerating vans for the purposes of transportation." In 1884 a futile attempt was made to supply this want, but it was defeated owing to the conduct of the middlemen, who had shares in the vessels employed in the transportation, and who set their faces against any change that was likely to diminish their gains. The decline of the Irish lace industry is, of course, due in a great measure to competition with machine-made lace, but even at the present time, Dr. Daly tells us, over one million's worth of foreign hand-made lace is imported annually into Great Britain. The author also discusses the industries of poplin, woollen, knitting, spinning, weaving, embroidery, and fisheries, and suggests, among "Possible Industries," those of paper-making and mining. The foregoing will give some idea of the interest of Dr. Daly's latest book, which is fully equal to former contributions to Irish history from this able writer's pen.

Lovers of the chase and open air pastimes will welcome the appearance of "Out-of-Door Sports in Scotland," by "Ellangowan" (W. H. Allen and Co.). The author gives us some interesting statistics as

to grouse-moors and deer-forests, and draws attention to the immense pecuniary value of our game supply. The largest deer-forest is that owned by the Duke of Fife, consisting of 80,100 acres; but the Duke of Sutherland is the largest holder, having three forests, representing an area of 147,010 acres. The chapters on Pheasants and Partridges contain much that is interesting. During the last few years the supply of partridges has greatly decreased, both from natural causes and in consequence of the extensive poaching that was carried on. With regard to poachers, the author relates many interesting stories; and although, as he remarks, poaching is "a most abject trade," it is still carried on, in spite of all precautions which are taken. A chapter is devoted to "Curling"—a game that is supposed to have been introduced into Scotland, about the end of the fifteenth century, by Belgian immigrants. The chapter contains many quotations from poems in honour of the "roaring game," as it is called, and an excellent plan of a rink. The article on the exhilarating game of Golf is not so practical as one could wish, but the historical portion is good.

The second volume of "The Noted Breweries of Great Britain and Ireland," 3 vols., by Alfred Barnard (Sir Joseph Causton and Sons), includes many names which will be more or less familiar to Londoners. Such firms as Courage and Co., Ind, Coope, and Co., Reid and Co., Whitbread and Co., and the City of London Brewery are included in the present volume. Many of the breweries have some historical interest. The site on which Courage's is built was formerly a house and mill belonging to the Knights Hospitallars of St. John of Jerusalem, and is supposed to be one of the establishments referred to by Chaucer as manufacturing the famous "ales of Southwark," and it is related of Reid's brewery that the Emperor Napoleon once visited it. It may be interesting to note, *en passant*, that the introduction of pale ale into England dates back to the time of "Good Queen Anne," and that by the eighteenth century as many as thirteen kinds of malt liquor were brewed in England. Mr. Barnard's book is full of interesting anecdotes and particulars relating to brewers and brewing, and is copiously illustrated. An account of the Great Canal maltings at Glasgow, belonging to Messrs. Baird and Sons, brings the second volume to a conclusion.

"The Book of Wedding Days" (Longmans and Co.), is a handsome quarto volume, compiled on similar lines to birthday books, though on a more elaborate scale, by K. E. J. Reid, May Koss, and Mabel Bamfield, containing suitable quotations for every day in the year. Each page is decorated with an artistic device by Mr. Walter Crane. The quotations are culled from the writings of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Milton, Scott, Moore, and many others.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. send us the new and revised edition of "The Family Physician," a manual of domestic medicine. This is a most exhaustive work, dealing with almost every imaginable disease and ailment, and should prove an invaluable reference-book in the household. The articles are all thoroughly practical, being written by physicians and surgeons of the principal London hospitals. The massage treatment, which has of late attracted so much attention, both here and on the continent, has a chapter specially devoted to it. This volume is now being published in serial form.

Mr. Richard Davey has brought together a vast array of interesting facts in "A History of Mourning" (Jay and Co., Regent Street). In the time of the Egyptians, over three thousand years ago, yellow was the colour which denoted that a kinsman was lately deceased, but the custom of wearing black as mourning emanates from the Greeks. When a person in Greece was dangerously ill and not expected to recover, branches of laurestinus and acanthus were hung up over the door. In the seventeenth century it was the custom, when a person of distinction died, to intimate the fact by means of the "Death Crier," who, attended by the whole brotherhood, or Guild of the Holy Souls, with cross-bearers, each carrying a lighted candle, proceeded through the streets ringing a bell, crying out in a lugubrious voice his sad news. These and many other particulars relating to mourning are to be found in Mr. Davey's book, and the volume is embellished with a number of excellent illustrations of historical funerals and mourning ceremonies.

"The Marquis of Dalhousie," by Captain L. J. Trotter, is the most recent addition to the "Statesmen Series" (W. H. Allen and Co.). Dalhousie's name ranks among the highest in the roll of Indian Viceroy for statesmanship, administrative vigour, and the faculty of inspiring confidence among the millions subjected to his rule, and Captain Trotter here presents us with an admirably succinct biography of this popular statesman, who, although his last years were embittered by the sounds of censure, and disparagement has since had his Indian policy amply vindicated. Captain Trotter's book will, no doubt, be one of the most popular as well as one of the most widely-read of the "Statesmen Series" on account of its connection with the history of our Indian Empire.

Ladies may possibly find the suggestions contained in "Hints to Lady Travellers" by Lillias Campbell Davidson (Iliffe and Son, 3, St. Bride Street) of some practical value, but we must confess to being unable to see any real necessity for such a publication. The book comprises "scrappy" information on Accidents, Cabs, Filters, Lamps, Money, Trunks, and a host of other subjects, and such trite observations as "forewarned is forearmed," "any port in a storm," "understanded of the people," are specimens of the literary style of the work.

A handy illustrated French reader, entitled "Réécits et Nouvelles," has been sent us by Messrs. Hachette and Co. The readings are all selected from the works of M. Edmund About; M. A. P. Huguonet, Officier d'Académie, contributes the explanatory notes and a useful vocabulary. The same publishers have also forwarded the "Concise French Commercial Reader," by E. E. Whitfield, M.A., being a sequel to the "Grammar of the French Language of Business," noticed in these columns last week. Otto Schlapp's progressive German reader "Lust und Lehre" (same publishers) is suitable for German students, who are somewhat advanced in their study of the Teutonic language. The book contains copious notes and an excellent vocabulary.

Full of instruction are the essays and even the newspaper letters of the late Barwick Lloyd Baker, edited under the title "War with Crime" (Longmans). From his mother, Granville Sharpe's niece, Mr. Baker inherited a great deal of "the enthusiasm of humanity." The efforts of this Gloucestershire squire for prison and penal legislative reform, for police supervision, and the restraint of vagrancy, were unwearied, though he always kept in the background, attributing to himself only a donkey-like patience which prompted him to write, write, write, till his fingers were crippled. The sentences passed on criminals, the apportionment of sentences to crimes, adult reformatories, are a few of the titles of essays read at Social Science Conferences and elsewhere. He differed strongly with Mr. Llewellyn Davies about labourers' combinations, considering them wholly mischievous, and preferring that farmers should, more or less, adopt the co-operative system and help the old and weak by giving piece-work. His remarks on the ruin of the West Country broadcloth trade, through the workmen refusing to take lower wages at the end of the war, have their lesson for to-day.

THE PARADISE OF DOGS must exist at Stuttgart. Special apartments for their accommodation are attached to the new bathing establishment recently opened, so that the canine pets may enjoy themselves whilst their owners take their baths. There are comfortable waiting-rooms, well supplied with drinking-troughs, besides washing and swimming baths, where the dogs are carefully looked after by kindly attendants.





PRINCE NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO  
Father of the Princess

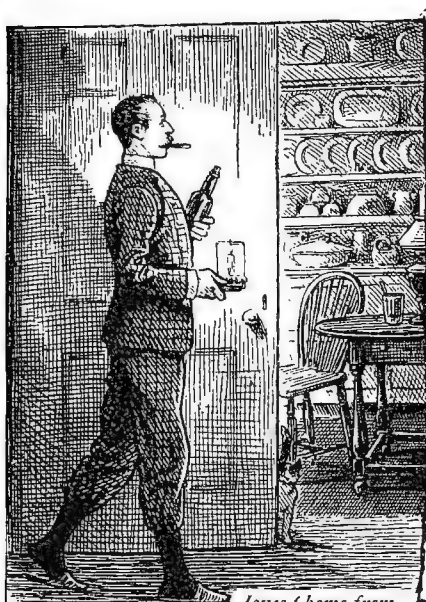


PRINCESS MILITZA OF MONTENEGRO  
Recently married to the Grand Duke Peter Nikolaievitch of Russia



PRINCESS MILENA OF MONTENEGRO  
Mother of the Princess

THE RUSSO-MONTENEGRIN MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE



Jones (home from India) goes to his uncle's place in the country—  
He is allowed to smoke only in the kitchen



On condition that he sees to all the doors—Among others he bolts the drawing-room door outside. (His uncle had fallen asleep inside)



"Can't or won't hear—I must wake them up"

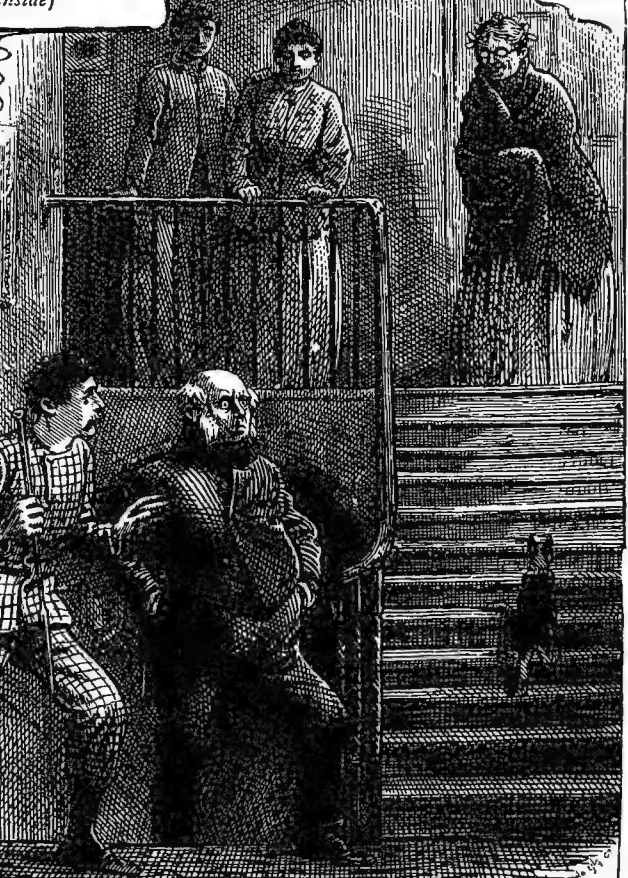


"How these people do sleep, to be sure"



"All right. Eh! What's that?"

"Burglars! I believe"



It takes a lot of explanation afterwards

HOW JONES LOCKED OUT HIS UNCLE AND WAS CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING





Mr. Frederic Harrison  
Mr. F. Debenham  
Sir F. H. Fawcett  
Mr. G. W. E. Russell  
Rev. F. Williams  
Mr. E. Routledge  
Mr. John Barker  
Mr. A. Arnold  
The Earl of Meath  
Mr. Mark Beauloy  
Mr. S. Morley  
Mr. Evan Spicer  
Mr. Quintin Hogg  
Mr. T. Eccleston Gibb  
The Hon. R. Grosvenor  
Mr. S. S. Taylor

THE ALDERMEN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL



## THE EXHUMATION OF GENERAL PAOLI'S REMAINS

THE remains of this celebrated Corsican patriot and general were exhumed on Saturday, at Old St. Pancras Cemetery, in order to be transported to Corsica, where a suitable monument is to be erected on the spot where formerly stood the house in which he was born. Pasquale de Paoli was born in 1725, and in 1755 headed the revolt of the Corsicans against the Genoese. For twelve years Paoli maintained a successful warfare; and when, in 1768, the Genoese handed over the island to France, he fought bravely against overwhelming odds, until finally compelled to capitulate at Ponte Nuovo. He then retired to England, where the Pitt Government allowed him a pension, and with a break of six years, from 1789 to 1795, when he again became President of Corsica (under the Mirabeau régime), ultimately handing the island over to the British Government, he lived on English soil until his death, on February 5th, 1807. A cenotaph was erected in Westminster Abbey with this inscription:—



THE BUST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

**P.O.M.**

To the memory of

PASQUALE DE PAOLI,

One of the most eminent and most illustrious characters of the age in which he lived.

He was born at Rostino, in Corsica, April the 5th, 1725, and was unanimously chosen at the age of thirty the supreme head of that island, and died in this metropolis February the 5th, 1807, aged 82 years.

The early and better part of his life he devoted to the cause of liberty;

nobly maintaining it against the usurpation of Genoese and French tyranny.

By his many splendid achievements, His useful and benevolent institutions,

His patriotism and public zeal, manifested upon every occasion, He, amongst the few who have merited so glorious a title,

most justly deserved to be hailed

the Father of his Country.

Being obliged by the superior force of his enemies to retire from Corsica,

he sought refuge in this land of liberty,

and was here most graciously received

(Amidst the generous applause of a magnanimous nation) into the protection of His Gracious Majesty King George the Third,

by whose fostering hand and munificence

he not only obtained a safe and honourable asylum,

but was enabled during the remainder of his days

to enjoy the society of his friends and faithful followers

in affluent and dignified retirement.

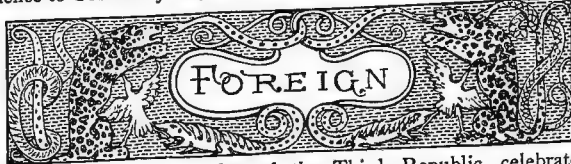
He expressed to the last moment of his life the most

grateful sense of His Majesty's paternal goodness towards him,

praying for the preservation of his sacred person, and

the prosperity of his dominions.

On Saturday the exhumation took place in the presence of M. Franceschini Pietri, Secretary to the late Emperor Napoleon III., and a number of Corsican gentlemen, who had come over from Corsica for the purpose of escorting the remains to their last resting place. The shell on being brought to the surface was placed in a polished coffin of English oak, and after M. Pietri had spoken a few words, was taken to the Church of St. Louis de Gonzague, Clarendon Square, Somers Town, where a Requiem Mass was performed. The church was draped in black, and over the coffin which rested on a catafalque, opposite the altar, was placed a magnificent Roman pall. Above the head was a wreath sent by the Empress Eugénie, with the inscription "Au Grand Patriote Corse." After the service the remains were taken to Charing Cross, and thence to Corsica by way of Paris and Marseilles.



THE nineteenth birthday of the Third Republic, celebrated throughout FRANCE on Wednesday, falls at a time when that Republic has just entered upon a severe struggle for existence. Hitherto the Republic has profited by the party divisions among her enemies, but it appears most probable that in the coming elections the different factions will unite in striving to overturn the present form of Government first, and consider their particular party feelings afterwards. Such is the bent of the Comte de Paris's manifesto. He bids the French electors support the Monarchist candidates wherever they may appear, but "elsewhere consult the necessities of the struggle, and do not treat as enemies those who combat the same adversaries that you do"—a thinly-veiled hint to support Boulangists. The Comte dwells on the necessity of Revision, makes the usual promises of perfect bliss for France when she restores the Monarchy, and appeals to the Imperialists to join against the common enemy. Even amongst his own supporters this manifesto arouses little enthusiasm, for moderate minds see plainly that the Comte's programme might involve anarchy before a peaceful Government could be established. Naturally the Boulangists welcome all adherents, but they are even more absorbed in the question whether General Boulanger will surrender himself before the elections to stand his trial. It is confidently stated that he will secretly steal into the country just previous to the 22nd inst., and suddenly give himself up to justice, so as to become eligible for election. At present neither he nor MM. Rochefort and Dillon can stand as candidates, having lost their civil rights; but the General's surrender would quash his sentence, and all the proceedings must be gone through again. Boulangist success at the polls might then alter the verdict. In any case, the General is on the horns of a dilemma, for he can do nothing if he stays in England, yet he may be a prisoner for many years if he returns to France. The Government watch narrowly to frustrate any sensational appearance of the Boulangist hero, and have warned all the provincial authorities that they must neglect no opportunity to ensure the Republican success, and must prosecute all persons taking part in seditious manifestations, especially Boulangists. Probably President Carnot may issue a manifesto, but he will wait till the last moment before the elections to have the final word against his adversaries. The elections in some of the colonies will not be held till October 6th, the day on which the second ballots will be taken in France. The Imperialists do not seem very hopeful of their cause at the polls, for Prince Victor Napoleon states that it is useless to issue a manifesto until the country's voice is rendered free by the Revision of the Constitution.

This year the general public pay far less attention than usual to the electoral contest, the Exhibition still overpowering all other interests. A proposal has been made to maintain the Exhibition buildings for an annual commercial fair of all nations, like those at Nijni-Novgorod and Leipsic. Centenary celebrations continue, the Positivists having their turn this week. A sensational triple suicide has occurred at Vesinet, just outside Paris, three sisters, who were reduced to poverty, killing themselves, with their horse, dog, and cat, to escape their creditors. Among horrors, too, may be ranked the production of a melodrama at the Château d'Eau, *Jack l'Eventreur*, by MM. Bertrand and Clairian, based on the White-chapel murders. The piece affords some comic Gallic views of English life, especially when Jack appears in a tartan mantle and Glengarry cap.

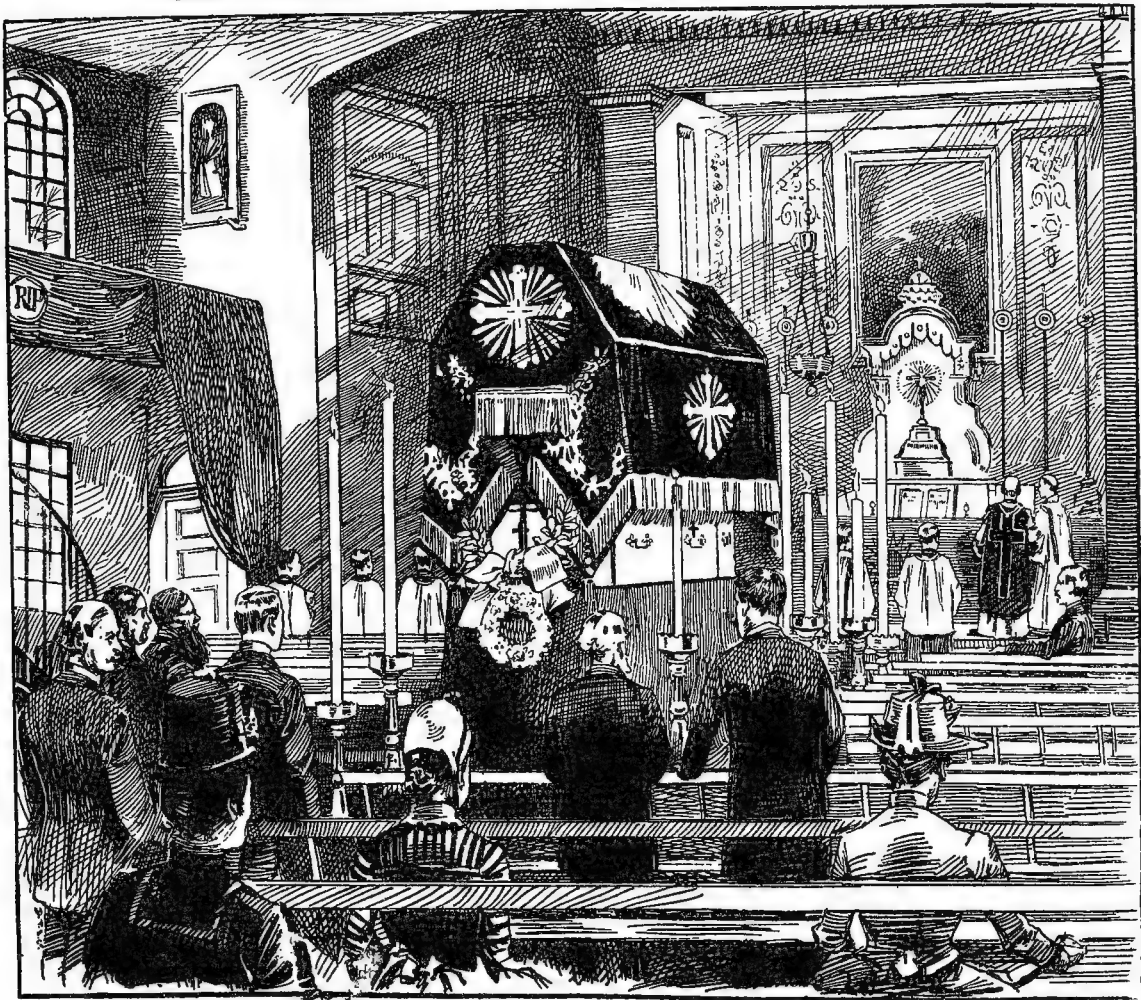
Like her neighbour, GERMANY has been celebrating a famous anniversary of 1870, but with more united feelings. "Sedan Day" was kept with great popular rejoicings on Monday. Public offices were shut, Berlin was beflagged, and banquets and visits to the war-monuments abounded on all sides; while, as the Guards were away at the Silesian manoeuvres, and could not appear at the usual Sedan parade, the Emperor went down to spend the day with them. In all these rejoicings not one word was uttered to give umbrage to France; indeed, the Germans just now are even hinting at the advantage of a better understanding with the French people so as to cut out Russia. They are sorely piqued by the Czar's cavalier treatment, and not even the announcement that the Czarevitch is coming to the manoeuvres mends matters. Rumours of the Czar's approaching visit circulate freely, but no one will credit them until His Majesty is actually on the spot. Army manoeuvres from the main theme at present, and the army, too, will be one of the chief subjects brought immediately before the Reichstag when it meets next month. Great improvements are contemplated, entailing a heavy extra vote of supplies. Thus two new corps would be formed, and the Regular Army would be entirely separated from the Reserve to facilitate mobilisation in time of war. The *North German Gazette* is preparing the way for the Government demands by important articles on the army, while the same official print has been plainly enunciating the Government opinion on German colonial policy, with sharp condemnations of Dr. Peters and the Emin Relief Expedition. Colonial enthusiasts are reminded that "the conduct of German policy is in the hands of the Imperial Chancellor, and not of the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Committee." Thus it is unfortunate that just at this moment Dr. Peters has shot four natives, and stirred up the Vitu people against him, so supporting the official arguments. An Embassy is coming from the Sultan of Zanzibar to congratulate the Emperor on his accession, but such compliments do not atone to the general public for their disappointment that the Sultan has granted a new concession to the British East Africa Company, instead of to the Germans. This concession includes Lamu and the Ben Adir coast, with the ports of Kismayu, Brava, Magadisho, and Warsheikh, giving the Company command of a coast line of seven hundred miles from the Uмба River in the south to Warsheikh on the north. Lamu is the most important port on the coast after Mombassa and Zanzibar, commanding valuable trade routes. British Indian subjects chiefly control the commerce, and their countrymen at Zanzibar are highly delighted. A line of British mail steamers will shortly be organised between London and the chief East African ports.

Chakir Pasha finds that the insurrection in CRETE is more obstinate than he anticipated; and, as persuasions have failed, Turkish troops will now occupy the whole island, to restore order by more forcible means. The Governor flatly denies that the Mussulmans are the chief offenders, pointing out that the Christians oppress and massacre the Mohammedans, but that foreign authorities endeavour to fan the disturbance in favour of the Christians. TURKEY receives no better news from ARMENIA, and, indeed, is so wroth at the accounts of the Armenian sufferings being published in England, that certain British newspapers are prohibited from entering the Empire. The Armenian Patriarch and the Porte are at daggers drawn, and the former kept away from the official reception given on the anniversary of the Sultan's accession. BULGARIA did a neat stroke of business on that occasion, for, by sending her official congratulations to the Sultan, she obtained an acknowledgment from His Majesty straight to Prince Ferdinand. This is the first time the Sultan has directly communicated with the Prince. Bulgaria and SERBIA continue to scold each other for mutual armaments, but Bulgaria appears to have some reason for complaint, considering the great activity and extensive preparations across the frontier. Nevertheless, the Serbian representative at Sofia has formally assured the Bulgarian Government that such preparations are merely formal, Serbia maintaining most peaceful sentiments towards her neighbour. Queen Natalie still holds her intention of coming to Belgrade as a rod over the Regents' heads, but Her Majesty, at present, does not seem well enough for the journey.

Now that most continental countries turn their attention beyond seas, ITALY is bent on increasing her influence in Abyssinia. Thus the Shoa Mission are warmly fêted and complimented, while the Press teems with hopes that the relations between Kings Humbert and Menelek are now so secure that the Italian colony in Africa will speedily become a peaceful and flourishing centre of commerce. The Envoys accompanied King Humbert to the army manoeuvres in Lombardy. However, the Italian forces at Massowah do not relax their precautions, but are strongly fortifying the positions round their new post at Asmara. Nearly the whole of Abyssinia has now submitted to King Menelek, who will shortly be crowned Emperor of Abyssinia at Shoa. Italian home affairs still suffer from the financial crisis caused by the bank failures at Turin. Moreover, Italian exports have materially diminished since the Commercial Treaty with France came to an end.

INDIA is fast organising the contingents offered by the native Princes for frontier defence. The latest offer comes from the Gaekwar of Baroda, who will probably supply a cavalry regiment. Altogether, this contingent will constitute a valuable force of 27,000 Cavalry and Infantry, one battery of sixteen guns, two Maxim guns, a camel corps of 500, and a transport corps of 1,000 ponies, fully equipped. Speaking of frontier affairs, the boundary between Burma and Siam is to be settled on the spot in November by a Special Commission, headed by Mr. Ney Elias, Political Agent for Beluchistan, with the Assistant-Superintendent of the Shan States, Mr. J. G. Scott. The Bombay Government endures a good deal of criticism just now. Thus the Parsees still energetically protest against the imputations on their community produced by the Crawford case, and have held an indignation meeting at Bombay, under Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. On their side, the Europeans in Bombay continue to rate the local Government for maintaining in power certain native officials who have been proved corrupt. All factions, however, unite to prepare a warm welcome for Prince Albert Victor, who lands at Bombay on November 9th, and will be gorgeously entertained by various native rulers. There is much disappointment that the Prince cannot visit BURMA. The Dacoits are being attacked with fresh energy, as they have been extra troublesome of late, notably a large band in the Allannmyo district.

Once more the Cronin case is prominent in the UNITED STATES. The great difficulty has been to choose jurors for the trial who had not already formed a deliberate opinion on the case, and several days have been occupied in their selection. The defence has a right to challenge and reject the candidates, and both sides agree in objecting to foreigners. Five of the accused, Burke, Coughlin, Beggs, O'Sullivan, and Kunze are included in the present trial, and Woodruff will be judged separately later. The State will call one hundred and seventy-four witnesses, to say nothing of those provided by the defence. This subject has taken the place of the excitement over the seizures of British sealers in Behring Sea, no new captures being reported. The *Pathfinder*, which escaped to Sitka, had her cargo of eight hundred and fifty-four sealskins, with her guns and ammunition, confiscated by the American Revenue authorities, the *Lily* lost three hundred skins in similar fashion, while besides actually capturing six British sealers, the *Rush* boarded fourteen others, and ordered them to leave the Sea. The British Columbians have held an indignation meeting at Victoria to censure the inaction of the Home Government. Returning to American domestic affairs, race hatred has again broken out in



THE SERVICE IN THE CHURCH

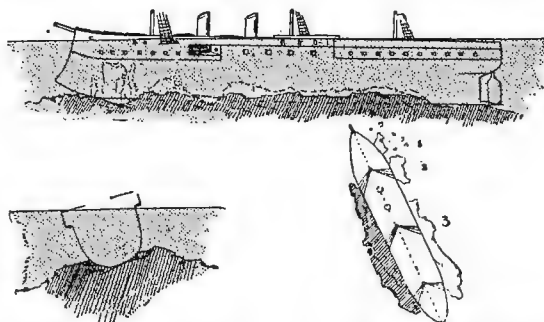


Mississippi, some whites having fired on a negro excursion party and caused much disturbance on "Labour Day," which is gradually being introduced into the different States on the plan of the English Bank Holiday. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been warmly congratulated on keeping his eightieth birthday. He is as bright as ever, but rather deaf.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Owing to the bad harvest in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, famine already affects one district of Transylvania, and threatens several of the northern counties. The people have neither food for themselves nor for their animals, and there is no seed for the next sowing. To add to this distress, Czernovitz, the capital of the neighbouring province of Bukovina, has been laid completely under water by the overflow of the Pruth and its tributaries. Few lives were lost, but much property and live stock have been destroyed. Szegedin also dreads another catastrophe, for the embankment erected after the terrible 1879 floods has collapsed, leaving the city exposed to inundation.—BELGIUM is busy with the newly-formed Supreme Council of the Congo State, which will meet at Brussels and consists of Belgian advocates and three foreign members, including an English barrister, Mr. T. Barclay, who practises in Paris. The Slave Trade International Conference opens at Brussels in October.—Jew-baiting in RUSSIA has begun again. Thus Jewish schoolmasters are being boycotted in Odessa, no Jew advocate may plead before the new provincial tribunals, and no Jewish commercial traveller will be allowed in the Empire. The route of the Siberian Railway is chosen. It will start from a station on the Samara-Orenburg line, and run north-east to a point 100 miles south of Tomsk.—At MALTA the *Sultan* has been thoroughly overhauled, and proves less damaged than expected. The worst injury is the hole in the bottom below the foremast, where the ship first struck.—In EGYPT only 700 of the 14,000 Dervishes who left Wady Halfa have returned safely. Peace on the Nile is considered assured for at least eighteen months. The river is so high that disastrous floods are feared.—The violent typhoons which lately visited NORTH CHINA and JAPAN have caused immense loss of life, and many wrecks. Fully 10,000 persons perished at Wakyama, Japan, while 20,000 are homeless and in great distress.

stopped up by divers working with cement. Every aperture in the ship's side had to be plugged with wood or otherwise made watertight, and the combings on the upper deck were battened down or built up above the water as required.

"The first trial of pumps was made on the 27th July, and a portion of the ship pumped dry on the 11th August. She began



The *Sultan* as she lay before being raised, all the rocks at the sides being blown away.

1, 2 and 3 show the rocks on the starboard side of the ship which caused the huge holes in her sides

THE "SULTAN" ON THE ROCKS IN THE COMINO CHANNEL

to rise on the 18th instant, and on the evening of the 20th was afloat. But that evening, the wind rising, and water overcoming the pumps, she was allowed to sink. On the 24th inst., she was again afloat, and hopes were entertained of her being brought into harbour; but the water in the ship was not sufficiently reduced to justify her removal, and it was therefore not till the 26th that she made a start. She was slowly towed from Comino to Valetta, a

preliminary description. It is a graceful and pleasing composition from the pen of the highly talented daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester. Miss Ellicott was perhaps unwise to overload her accompaniments with the brass and drums and cymbals, a fault to which amateurs have, however, ever been prone. But the little work is nevertheless very acceptable, and it will possibly be even more effective when performed with pianoforte accompaniment only. The other novelty was a pianoforte concerto, by Herr Hans Sitt, a composer of Prague, who for some years past has settled in Leipzig, where he is conductor of the Bach choir. The concerto, which is the second from Herr Sitt's pen, is hardly a work of genius, but a definite opinion of it had better be reserved until after a second hearing.

Wednesday morning's concert took place in the Cathedral, the programme opening with Dr. Hubert Parry's *Judith*, and closing with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. We cannot now, of course, give details of the performance, nor is any description of either work necessary. *Judith* was dealt with fully immediately after its production at the Birmingham Festival last year, since when it has twice been given in London; while Rossini's *Stabat Mater* must be familiar to every music-lover.

Wednesday evening's programme, given in the Cathedral, and at reduced prices for the special behoof of Gloucester folks of moderate means, comprised the first two parts of Haydn's *Creation*, and Mr. C. Lee Williams's *Bethany*. In a preliminary notice a few weeks ago we gave a brief description of Mr. Williams's new Church cantata. It would hardly be fair to pass judgment upon it after hearing only the full rehearsal, despite the fact that the work had been so well prepared, and the stoppages were so few, that the rehearsal was almost tantamount to a performance. It will therefore suffice now to state that *Bethany*, being intended chiefly for Church service, studiously avoids anything of a theatrical character. The narrative of the supper at Bethany is interspersed with reflective and devotional solos and choruses, the words of which almost partake of the nature of hymns. There is a very beautiful soprano



THE Royal party at Balmoral now consists of the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry and their children, Princess Alix, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. Her Majesty has been showing the beauties of the neighbourhood to her grandchildren, driving one day with Princess Alix to Glen Gelder Shiel, where they were met by Princess Beatrice and the Hereditary Grand Duke on horseback, and another afternoon passing through Braemar and by the Lion's Face. Thence the Royal party went to Mar Lodge to see the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who lunched with the Queen on Saturday. This being the Duke and Duchess's first visit to Balmoral since their marriage, they were met at the Bridge by Her Majesty's Commissioner, Dr. Profeit, and the Royal pipers, keepers, and gillies, who escorted them in triumph to the Castle. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at the Castle, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and on Monday the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress lunched at the Castle, and were afterwards received by Her Majesty. On Thursday the Queen, with the Princesses, Prince Henry, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse witnessed the Braemar gathering at Mar Lodge, as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. A brief vocal and instrumental concert has also been given before the Queen by the Swiss orchestra and mountain singers, under Mr. Joseph Seebold. The Court remains at Balmoral until November, extensive repairs being carried out at Windsor during the Queen's absence.

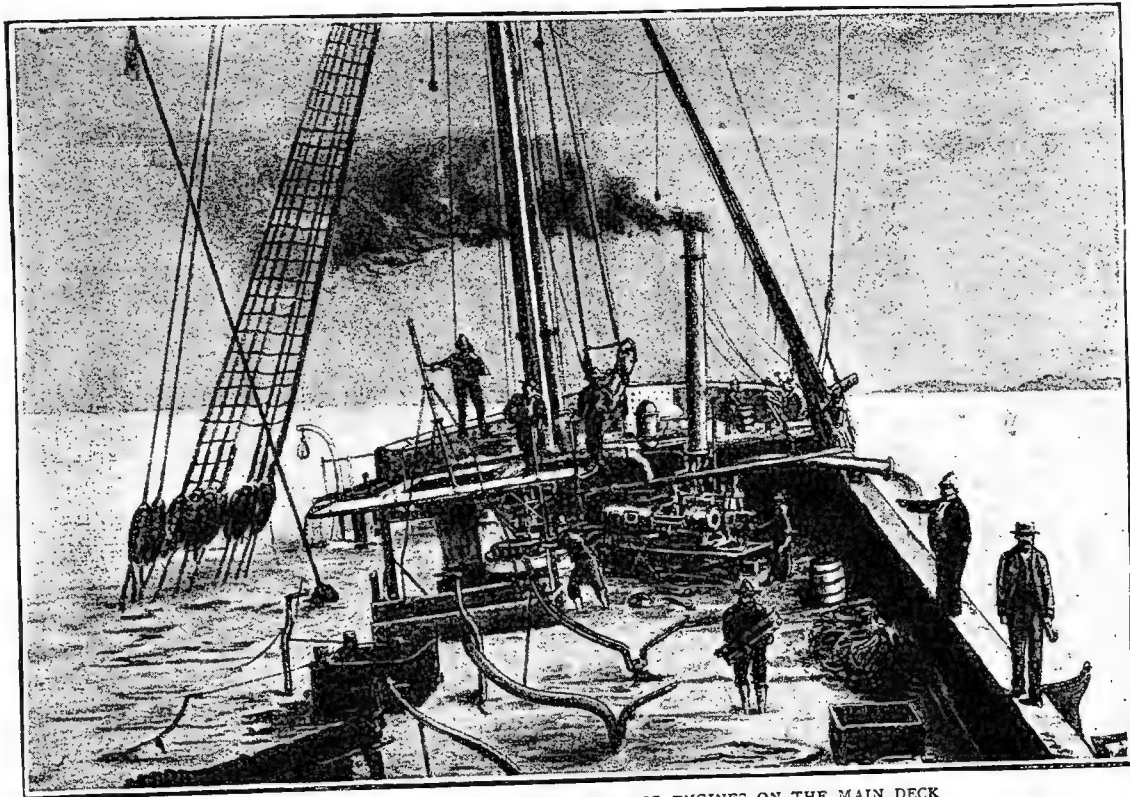
The Prince of Wales leaves Homburg at the end of this week, being due in the North of England by Tuesday to stay with the Duke of Portland for Doncaster Races. Thence he goes to Scotland, and about the end of the month will accompany the Princess and family to Athens for the wedding of their nephew and niece, the Greek Crown Prince and Princess Sophie of Prussia. Meanwhile the Princess and daughters remain at Fredensborg with the Danish Royal Family, the Czar, Czarina and children, with the Grand Duke Paul and his bride, Princess Alexandra of Greece, having joined the party. The Empress Frederick and her daughters will arrive to-day (Saturday), in order that Princess Sophie may make the acquaintance of all her future relations, while the Duchess of Cumberland is also expected. On returning from Greece, the Prince and Princess will go about November to Sandringham, where the Duchess of Fife will be near her parents, staying with her husband at the Hall, Castle Rising. It is stated that the Prince and Princess will make a tour in Wales next year.—Prince George has received the Order of the Black Eagle from the German Emperor.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have left Coburg, the Duke coming to England whilst the Duchess went to Russia to be with her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who has been seriously ill for some past. The Duchess Vladimir was better when the Russian Imperial Family left for Denmark, but suffered a relapse, and is in a most critical condition. The Duke and her children are with her at Peterhof. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in London on Tuesday morning, and will shortly go to Balmoral.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught gave a grand ball at Poona last week to 600 guests. On leaving India next March, when the Duke relinquishes his command, the Duke and Duchess will not come straight home, but will make a tour through China, Japan, and Canada.—Princess Sophie of Prussia's wedding is fixed for October 18th. The Princess will go to Athens via Italy, embarking at Genoa, on October 10th, with her mother, the Empress Frederick, the German Emperor and Empress, and her sisters, in the Royal yacht *Hohenzollern*. Prince Henry will act as escort with the *Irene*. Owing to the Danish visit of the Empress Frederick, rumours are abroad that her youngest daughter, Princess Margaret, will marry Prince Christian, eldest son of the Danish Crown Prince, and her presumptive to the throne. Not long ago, however, it was stated that the Princess was engaged to the Hereditary Prince of Nassau.

### THE RAISING OF H.M.S. "SULTAN"

A NAVAL OFFICER sends us the following account of the raising of the *Sultan*, which Lord George Hamilton characterised last week in Parliament, as "a distinct advance upon any salvage operations hitherto attempted, and attended with success."

"H.M.S. *Sultan* is once more a man-of-war, though sadly dilapidated, and as yet but half afloat, for, were the work of the pumps discontinued, she would soon fill and sink. After the grounding and subsequent sinking of the *Sultan* in March last, but little was done to her until the arrival of the Italian steamer *Utile*, belonging to the firm of Baghino and Co., of London and Messina, on June 1st. From that date, however, active steps were taken. Many holes had to be



THE "SULTAN" AFLOAT—ONE OF THE PUMPING ENGINES ON THE MAIN DECK

distance of some thirteen miles, and as she came near the Harbour hundreds of boats set out to watch her progress, while thousands of people lined the walls and housetops.

"It was dark before the *Sultan* entered the harbour, and she was moored for the night in Bighi Bay, being taken alongside the dock-yard on the morning of the 27th, and there she remained till sufficiently lightened to admit of her being taken into dock for repair."



THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL (from Our Special Correspondent).—The Festival of the Three Choirs began at Gloucester on Tuesday morning, the whole of the previous day having been devoted to full rehearsals with principals, chorus, and orchestra. Mr. C. Lee Williams, the Cathedral organist, directed the works of the general repertory, but their own compositions were conducted respectively by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Mackenzie, and Dr. Hubert Parry.

On Tuesday morning after the usual choral service a sermon by the Dean (in which the preacher made an eloquent defence of the practice of performing oratorios in the Cathedral), and a luncheon given at the Tolsey by the Mayor to the artists and visitors, the Festival proper commenced, as usual, with *Elijah*. To criticise with any degree of severity the efforts of Mr. Barrington Foote, who, in the absence in the Antipodes of Mr. Santley, undertook the part of the Prophet, would hardly be fair. The music is slightly too high for, and is otherwise obviously trying to, his voice, but Mr. Foote had manifestly made a special study of the part, and in the Baal scene he showed rare dramatic power. The soprano music was shared by Miss Anna Williams and Madame Albani. Even still better were Mr. Lloyd, who gave a delightful rendering of "If with all your hearts," and Miss Hilda Wilson, who as the result of the present Festival bids fair to take a distinctly higher position than before as an oratorio contralto.

On Tuesday evening the first secular concert was given in the Shire Hall. Concerning Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, which was fully described on its performance by Messrs. Novello's choir at St. James's Hall last spring, it is necessary only to say that it was again conducted by the composer, the lyrics being recited by Mr. Charles Fry, and the chief parts being sung by Misses Anna Williams and Mary Morgan, Messrs. Lloyd and Foote. The second part contained two novelties. Of one of them, Miss Ellicott's "Elysium," set to Mrs. Hemans' poem, we have already given a

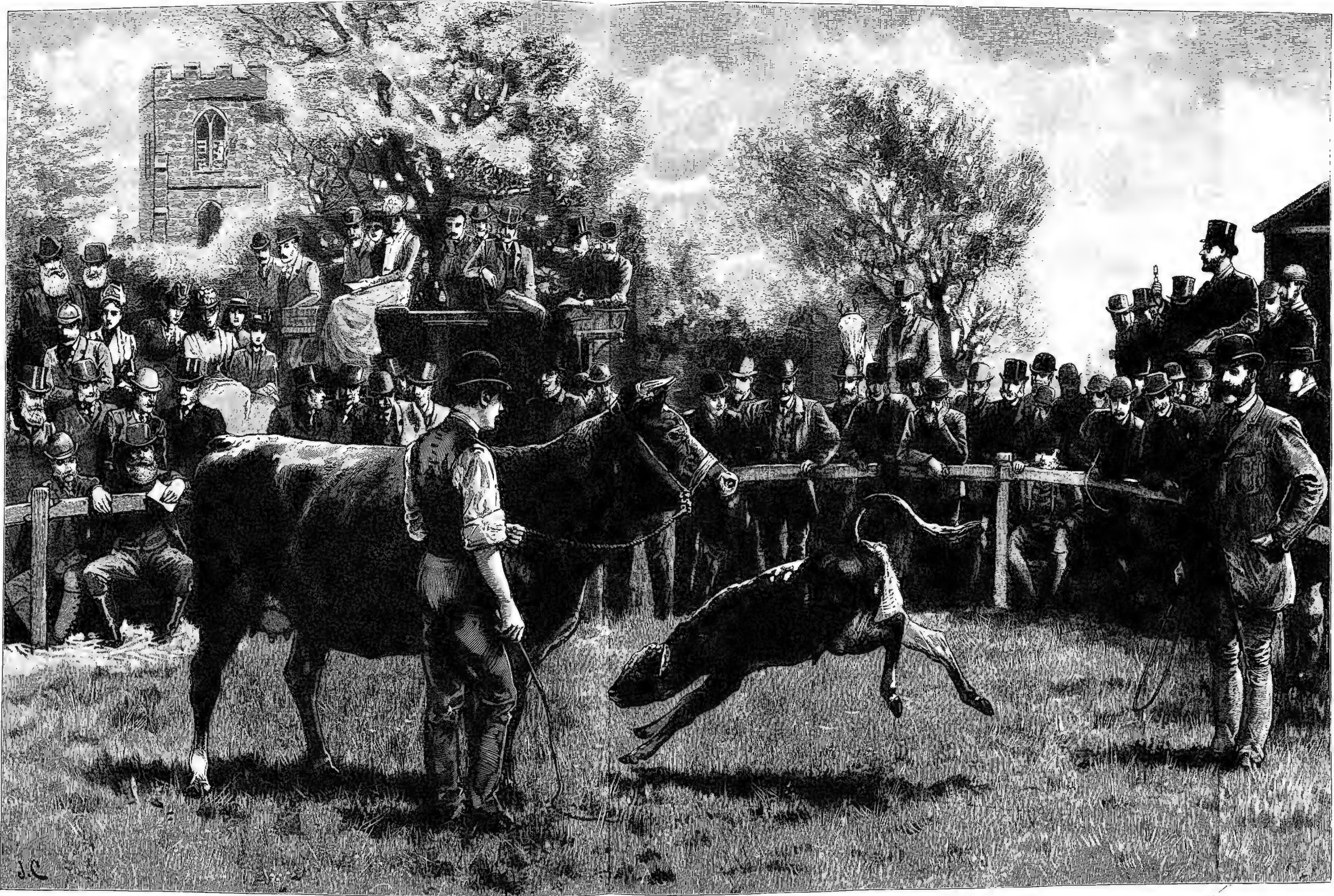
solo for Madame Albani, which is almost immediately followed by two of the best choruses in the work, one sung in eight parts without accompaniment; while in the other a remarkably fine effect is gained by the contrast between the male chorus and the refrain, given out with great sweetness, by the female voices. The scene of the Saviour sleeping is less happy, but the final chorus is the most elaborated in the cantata. With the performance of this and of the other Festival works we must deal next week.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The programme of the Classical evening at Covent Garden last week, consisted of familiar materials. Götz's Symphony in F has many times been heard at these entertainments, where it is invariably applauded by the audience. The performance last week, it is true, was not a particularly good one, and the orchestra were heard to far better advantage in the Clock and Minuet movements from Haydn's "Clock" Symphony. Madame Roger-Miclos played Beethoven's C minor concerto. On Friday Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance this season, and on Saturday Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony was given in its entirety. That a full orchestral symphony was listened to with every mark of attention and interest by a Saturday night audience is one of the signs of the times.—At Her Majesty's Theatre, the usual classical concert was given on Friday, the programme including Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, and solos for Messrs. Nachez and Albeniz.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Little Otto Hegner will give four concerts at St. James's Hall next month, i.e., two recitals on October 5th and 12th, and two orchestral concerts on October 2nd and 9th.—The death is announced of Herr Ernst Franke, aged forty-three. The death is also announced of Herr Ernst Franke, aged forty-three. The famous opera conductor of Hanover, and, thanks to whom, the late Hermann Götz gained the first hearing for his opera *The Taming of the Shrew*.—The "Memorials" of the late Sir F. Gore Ouseley, of the Rev. Dr. F. T. Havergall, Prebendary of Hereford, will be published in a few weeks.—M. Rubinstein has just finished a short pianoforte concerto, or concert piece, for piano and orchestra, and is now busily engaged upon his oratorio *Moses*.—The learned M. Wasieleski has just issued from the house of Brietkopf and Härtel an elaborate history of the violoncello.—Greig is alleged by the Italian papers to be engaged upon a new opera on the subject of the bombardment of Alexandria. The libretto is by Gluckmann.

MR. EDISON finds privacy impossible in Paris. He receives daily some 1,200 letters—so the Paris *Figaro* tells us—many containing the most absurd requests. For instance, an old priest begs Mr. Edison to bring his electrical apparatus into a remote village to cure his rheumatism; several men offer to marry his daughter; one asks his opinion on a new parachute, and so forth. Some two hundred fans, and as many photographs, have been sent to receive Mr. Edison's autograph, to say nothing of poems, acrostics, and sonnets.





A SALE OF SHORTHORNS



## THE ALDERMEN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

THE Local Government Act, which was Mr. Ritchie's great achievement during the Parliamentary Session of 1888, provided for the election by the ratepayers of 118 Councillors for the county of London. The Act further provided, that in addition to the County Councillors, who were elected direct by the ratepayers, there should be a number of Aldermen, not exceeding one-sixth of the whole number of the Councillors. These Aldermen were to be elected by the Councillors themselves, and they could be chosen from the County Council or from outside. The effect of this arrangement was to make the Council less directly representative of the ratepayers. Parliament was of opinion that a body of men elected from all ranks and classes, and elected in many cases on purely local grounds, might not be qualified to the fullest extent to enter upon and carry out the difficult and delicate business of the government of the metropolis. To strengthen the Council, therefore, it was provided that the Councillors should elect a body of men who need not run the gauntlet of a popular election at the hands of ratepayers—men whose special official training would add weight to the deliberations of the Council. On the whole the Council may be said to have exercised their power with wisdom, as a study of the qualifications of the Aldermen, given below, will readily show. The duties and functions of an Alderman are precisely the same as those of an ordinary member of the Council. The Councillors all retire at the end of three years, but half the Aldermen hold office for six years, the other half retiring at the end of three years. The elections for the County Council were held on January 17th of this year, and on the 5th of the following February the Council completed itself by the election of the nineteen Aldermen, whose portraits we publish on page 297. The "progressive" party is in an enormous majority, only one Alderman, the Earl of Meath, being classed as a "moderate." Among those elected as Aldermen was Miss Emma Cons, a lady

Edwin Arnold of the *Daily Telegraph*, first editor of the *Echo*, and M.P. for Salford from 1880 to 1885. His intimate acquaintance with the Land Question has made him a useful member. Mr. J. Barker is a successful retail draper in Kensington. He is a strong advocate of temperance, and was recently defeated when standing as Liberal candidate for Maidstone. Mr. Mark Beaufoy, whose success at Kennington in converting a Tory majority of 430 into a Liberal one of 630, caused much excitement last March, is a South London Manufacturer, and Mr. F. Debenham last March, is a warehouseman who advocates the conversion of the gardens of all London squares into open spaces. Sir Thomas Farrer was for years Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, is still one of the pillars of Free Trade, and has much to say on such questions as gas and water, on which, too, Mr. T. Eccleston Gibb, the Vestry Clerk of St. Pancras, is an acknowledged authority. The Hon. R. C. Grosvenor (youngest son of Lord Ebury) is a Revising Barrister, and a well-known worker among the East End poor. The only literary man among the Aldermen is Mr. Frederic Harrison, leader, with Professor Beesly, of the Positivist School in England, and one of the ablest living essayists and controversialists. Lord Hobhouse has for years been known as the possessor of a cautious and judicial mind. He has had, in India and at home, more than twenty years' civil and judicial experience; while Mr. Quintin Hogg is a successful merchant, who is chiefly known for his munificence in connection with the old Polytechnic Institution, which he has converted into an institute for Christian Young Men. Lord Lingen brings long and intimate knowledge of business to the service of the Council. For more than twenty years he was Secretary to the Education Department, and for fifteen was Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. The Earl of Meath made himself widely known, when Lord Brabazon, for his interest in the question of open spaces and public playgrounds. Mr. Morley is brother of Mr. Arnold Morley, the Liberal Whip, and son of the late Samuel Morley. Mr. E. Routledge is a member of the well-known publishing firm on Ludgate Hill, and Mr. George Russell is a rising young man in Liberal politics. He was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board at the early age of thirty, and is nephew to the late Lord John Russell. Mr. Spicer, like Mr. Quintin Hogg and Lord Meath, is an active philanthropist, who has lately been doing excellent work in the founding of a People's Palace for South London; while Mr. S. S. Tayler is a retired civil engineer, who has been for some time Chairman of the Council of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. The Rev. C. Williams is a Congregationalist Minister at the East End. Of the nineteen Aldermen the ten following retire at the end of three years:—The Earl of Meath, Messrs. Barker, Tayler, Grosvenor, Morley, Gibb, Spicer, Beaufoy, Williams, and Miss Cons.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Rt. Hon. the Earl of Meath, Lord Hobhouse, and Mr. Harrison, by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.; Messrs. Routledge and Debenham, by Fall, 10, Wellington Terrace, Bayswater, W.; Mr. G. W. Russell, by Dine and Ball, 12, Baker Street, W.; Sir T. H. Farrer, by Lombard, 13, Pall Mall East, S.W.; Mr. Barker, by Vandyke, 125, Gloucester Gate, S.W.; Mr. Tayler and Miss Cons by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. T. Eccleston Gibb, by Russell, 49, Brecknock Road, N.; Mr. Morley, by Hughes and Mullins, Regina House, Ryde, I.W.; Hon. R. Grosvenor, by Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; Sir V. Kennett-Barrington by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly; and Mr. Spicer, by the Stereoscopic Company, 51, Cheap-side. The portraits of the Rev. C. F. Williams, Mr. Quintin Hogg, and Mr. Arnold are from unnamed photographs.



MR. J. FOGERTY has written better novels than "Robert Leeman's Daughters" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son)—notably, "Caterina" and "Countess Irene;" at any rate, the faults of construction noticeable in those have become more pronounced in their successor. The story rambles about much too widely among far too many characters, and the interest is chopped up into too many small pieces to be ever as strong as the plot, had it been a little more skillfully treated, would easily have allowed. Last impressions, however, are necessarily those which come uppermost; and had it not been for Mr. Fogerty's addition of a singularly clumsy last chapter to explain what became of everybody afterwards in what we suppose he would consider an "arch" style, no doubt the merits of his novel would have taken precedence of its shortcomings. That it might well have been made more interesting, considering the nature of the situation with which it deals, does not prevent it from being, as it stands, much more interesting than the average of fiction, and the various characters are remarkably well balanced and contrasted, considering how numerous they are. And if recollections of ancient romances induce stronger expectations of what ought to come, when one of two children is carried away alone in an open boat into the ocean, than such purely domestic history as Mr. Fogerty gives us, there is no difficulty in becoming reconciled to that slight touch of disappointment among the far from conventional characters, which he knows how to describe with sympathetic insight and truth to nature. We become interested in his characters because we get to know them; and that is to say a great deal.

"Ede" (3 vols.: Remington and Co.) stands for Edith; and is the story of a particularly silly and uninteresting girl who runs away from home because her father, a great banker, is too much absorbed in his business to amuse her, and because her aunt is an uncongenial soul, and is too much given to quoting Shakespeare. Ede finds employment at some porcelain works; engages herself to a young carpenter; becomes reconciled to her father and the aunt—all three having discovered that they were really very fond of one another; jilts the young carpenter, very heartlessly, for the head of the porcelain works, marries, and is left with the "subtle, ineffable charm of maternity." This decidedly feeble story is the vehicle for some really lifelike and amusing sketches of the humble household in which she lodged while a factory-girl; these portions are all so good as to make it strange that they should have found their way into an otherwise conventional novel of strictly average quality. Sally Bassett, and her father, and the unfortunate litigant Keeble are admirable; and the carpenter lover only misses being a really pathetic figure by lack of reticence—the pathos is too obviously "laid on." The anonymous author ought to make some mark in depicting working-class character from the humorous side of sympathy.

Caroline Fothergill's "Diana Wentworth" (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons) so far resembles "Ede" in being also the story of a young person who cannot get on at home—home, in her case, being represented by a mother. She, also, goes away to get her own living, even as far as Poland; where she distinguishes herself by leaving all her letters unopened, with complications which no sort of common sense could have rendered possible, and by getting into scrapes from which she is saved by the inevitable young English engineer. But Caroline Fothergill's inventive faculty carries her upon higher flights than these. Returned to England, Diana goes out for a walk with a young man—the villain of the piece—who takes her into a remote church, with a parson in it; insists on her marrying him then and there; and, on her refusal, goes away, leaving her locked up inside. How she escapes, and how the good young engineer turns up, as inevitably as ever, we cannot say that it is worth while reading Caroline Fothergill's novel to learn. The characters are without interest; the plot without motive; and the incidents without meaning.

"By the Western Sea: A Summer Idyll," by James Baker (1 vol.: Longman and Co.), is a graceful little romance, which will be especially attractive to persons who know Lynmouth, where the "idyllic" portion is laid. The author writes of natural beauty in too patronising a manner, after the highly-superior and artistic-tourist style, to please all tastes; but still his appreciation is obviously genuine, if too self-satisfied. The principal incident is a real adventure, as well told as it is worth telling. In his preface he explains that he was unwittingly anticipated in it by Mr. Blackmore; but the similarity is important only for having obtained this kindly and sensible permit from the author of "The Maid of Sker"—"I beg you on no account to disturb yourself concerning the chance resemblance betwixt your story and one of mine. Such things must happen; and do so a great deal more often than we find out in our small circle of reading." These words are worth laying to heart for the small critics who are always on the scent for what they call plagiarisms.

"A Summer in a Dutch Country House," by Mrs. Arthur Traherne (1 vol.: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is a story in form only; in substance and purpose it is a very minute of what the title professes. Its interest is purely domestic, and the question of what we are going to have for dinner to-day becomes as exciting a question as housewives find it in real life. The existence of "the highest Dutch families," according to Mrs. Traherne's type, will strike most of her readers as narrow and sordid in the worst way, that is to say, without a thought that there is anything better in life than thrift and self-suppression. A year of such life as she describes would either starve most foreigners or madden them. But Mrs. Traherne makes it agreeable to have gone through the experience—by deputy.

### BY THE CLIFFS

To the lover of nature a seaside place without cliffs is shorn of half its attractions. The beach may be ever so fine and the scene charming, still it requires a good deal to compensate for the varied forms of bird-life that are generally to be found where the coast, like a mighty wall, rises out of the ocean, affording a shelter for many creatures that have little or no business with the interior. Human fisher-folk, as a rule, take little or slight interest in rural pursuits, and some bird-fishers are just as exclusive in their devotion to the sea. There is no reason among these why it should be otherwise, as they live wholly by their skill in fishing. They are independent of the land, therefore, except as an occasional resting-place, and at breeding time, when a desirable family residence becomes a matter of paramount importance.

For security, no less than for convenience, every suitable cliff on the coast at that season is sure to be densely populated. Each particular kind, according to its instinct, selects a spot which has probably risen into a colony, that perhaps outgrows itself, until numbers of the same family are glad to settle in any quiet nook. When space permits, however, the same species show a marked preference for the society of their own kin. This, oddly enough, sometimes applies more to many so-called non-gregarious birds than to some that are generally seen abroad in flocks—seagulls and starlings, for example, socialistic as they appear before the world, show themselves altogether selfish in private life, and, instead of favouring equality and fraternity, each couple strives to secure a good place for themselves regardless of their neighbours are, if they are only peaceable. This course has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. Were neighbours always polite and agreeable it would answer admirably, but sometimes they are otherwise. By living and acting together, a tribe might easily repel a foe powerful enough to work destruction among isolated couples and their families. Such a troublesome neighbour is the hawk to the dwellers in the cliffs. Year after year he builds his nest out of danger's way, on some high projecting point, and keeps most other birds in terror, not only for themselves but especially for their helpless young. They may give him a wide berth with their nests, and this they never fail to do, but distance is no security against his visits.

A cruise round the cliffs during August or September is a delightful experience. Should the water be smooth, the various forms of vegetation on the sea bottom would repay inspection. No one can form any true conception of seaweeds who has not seen them as they grow submerged in clear water. Masses of the richest olive change from shade to shade as they move this way and that, while the clusters of the different varieties, bending as if fanned by a gentle breeze, suggest a submarine garden of unequalled beauty. There is not the faintest indication of the mighty storms that sweep over them to plunge wildly up the side of the rock, when the seagulls near its crest are at wheeling exercise, in preparation for their migratory flight. The grey-coloured are this year's birds, those snow-white breasted companions having seen more summers than one. Although a few remain all the year round, the greater number leave in autumn. Before taking their departure, they congregate on the shore in large hordes, as if in consultation over the details of their outward journey.

The blue-rock pigeon, though essentially a land bird, makes its home nearer the water than any of its aquatic feathered friends. But look along the cliff: there is not a pigeon visible, and you may well ask where they are to be found. So just watch the first stray bird, and their rendezvous will be revealed. Of course, it flies into a low cave, where the sea, even on the calmest day, washes with a noise that resembles distant thunder. The marvel is that so shy a creature ever mastered enough courage to enter.

Row to the mouth of the cave, and make some noise, and perhaps one or two may fly out. Then you fancy that none remain; but, if you had a gun, and fired, probably the report would bring a shower of pigeons, and with such swiftness that only a good shot would have a chance of lessening their number.

Of all the dwellers in the cliff, perhaps the diving tribes are the most interesting. Although seagulls occasionally dip their heads under water, they can scarcely be classed as divers, as they would soon starve if they depended on catching fish alive. They some times take small trout in shallow streams; but, on the sea, merely swim about ready to pick up any food coming to the surface. When accounts are finally settled by science, the seagull may have much to answer for, as the spawn of some of our favourite food-fishes has been ascertained to float. In the meantime, fishermen may tolerate rivals to whose movements they are often indebted for giving them indications of a shoal of herrings by fluttering and screaming in wildest ecstasy over the spot.

Unlike gulls, the diver tribes pursue their prey under water, and prove themselves more than a match for the fishes in the fishes' element. They catch enormous quantities—enough to arouse the jealousy of man, were it not that the supply is so ample. Still, to watch a colony where birds go and come in numbers almost like bees from a beehive, the impression made is that they must get through as much fish as would serve a small town at least. You see them perched, bolt upright, as thick as they can pack themselves; but at such a height that they look down on the world, as represented by you, with the utmost disdain.

It is interesting to watch how the gulls sometimes rob them. When a diver catches a fish awkwardly big to be swallowed without preliminaries, they swoop down upon him in dozens. For a while he eludes them by disappearing from time to time under water. He no sooner reappears than they are upon him again, and this goes on until he has either gorged the prize or sees it borne aloft, where the fight that follows is lively, the fish passing from bill to bill before it is ultimately bolted.

J. S.



MISS CONS

well known for the deep interest she has taken in the welfare of the South London poor. From the first the wording of the Act as to the eligibility of women for election to the London County Council was found to be obscure; and, Lady Sandhurst having been elected County Councillor for the Brixton division of Lambeth, Mr. C. J. Beresford-Hope (who had been defeated by her Ladyship) petitioned against her return. The Courts decided that a woman could not hold a seat on the Council, and Lady Sandhurst thereupon retired, her place being taken by Mr. Beresford-Hope. Miss Cons as Alderman, and Miss Cobden as County Councillor, are placed by this decision in a curious position. There is no machinery by which they can resign their offices, and they are subject to penalties if they act. Since the decision of the Courts, neither lady has taken part in the deliberations of the Council; but as no one has petitioned against their return, they have not been unseated. The deadlock will probably be brought to an end by the introduction of a Bill into Parliament next Session making it legal for women to act as Aldermen or Councillors. Should Miss Cons retire, her place will



SIR V. KENNETT-BARRINGTON

be taken by Sir V. Kennett-Barrington, who, with fifty-four votes, just failed to get elected. Taking the Aldermen in alphabetical order, we come first to Mr. Arthur Arnold, brother of Sir



# PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

## II. THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE, 1789.

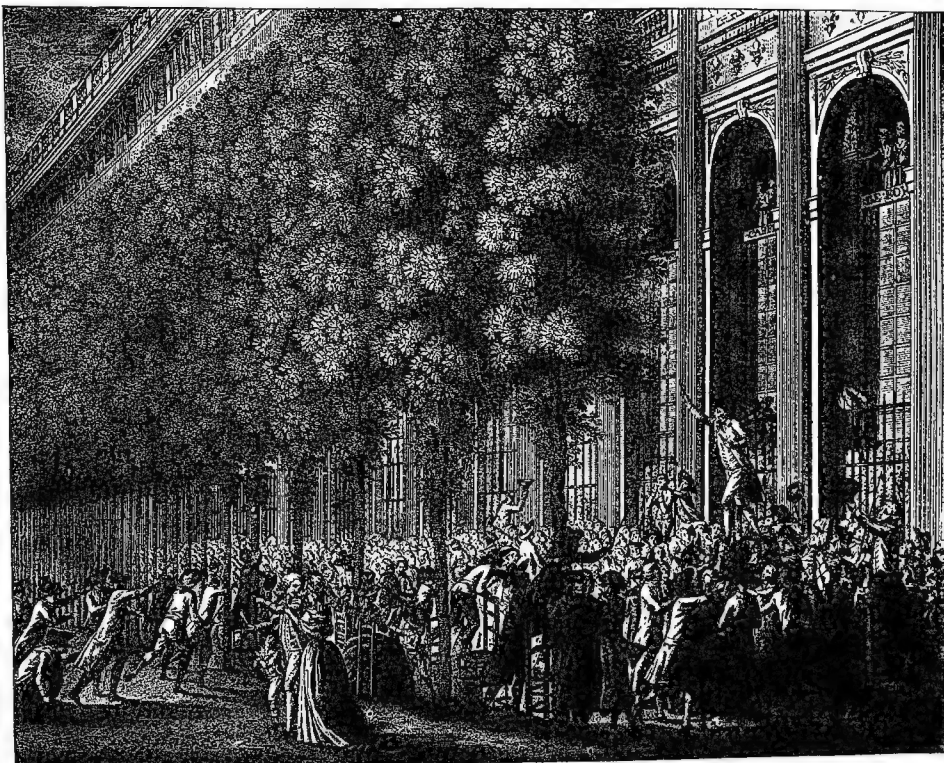
THE TROUBLES OF LOUIS XVI. and those which precipitated the downfall of the throne, arose in the "Deficits" of the Revenue. From the commencement of Louis's reign in 1774 successive Controller-Generals vainly grappled with the involved financial problem. The people were regarded as "beasts of burden to raise taxes," while, as privileged classes under a feudal system, the nobility and clergy strenuously resisted all attempts at assessments which affected themselves. Says Carlyle, "that is the only history of the period." The capable Turgot proposed free trade in corn, and would tax the privileged classes like the other ranks; he was dismissed. Necker experienced the same difficulties, published his "Compte Rendu"—the account as it stood between himself and the nobles and clergy—and was driven from office. After one or



taining their own discipline, they suppressed disorder in the capital, and formed a military patrol which ensured the peaceful state of Paris, and disconcerted the wilder elements of the mob, who looked for their advantage to rapine and plunder. At this juncture the Court party exploded what was prepared as a *Coup d'Etat*. The Parliament was to be crushed, the Assembly sent away by peaceable means if unresisting, otherwise by force; Necker, the whilom "hope of France" and so-called "People's Minister," had been ordered off in secret, exiled to Brussels. "War god" Marquis Broglie, Aristocrat Bréteuil, Baron Besenval, commandant of the troops of Paris, Foulon, the *ami damné* of the Court, who had said "The starving people might eat grass," and Berthier, his son-in-law, "forestaller of corn" and "contriver of camps against the people," were installed as new Ministers. While this was transacting at Versailles, even Marat, the "revolutionary fiend," was passionately imploring the famished poor of Paris, in his *Avis au Peuple*, to, above all things, abstain from violence. Meanwhile huge placards, *De par le Roi*, invited "peaceable citizens to remain within doors, to feel no alarm, to gather in no crowds." This was on the morning of the 12th of July; the reason was soon clear; before the rumours of the *Comp d'Etat* reached the capital, the city was hemmed in with armed hosts and artillery, dragoons and hussars (mostly German), dashing down to the Place Louis Quinze, with them, merciful Besenval, who happily did nothing; Swiss Guards and Artillery in the Champs Elysées; Paris surrounded from the Pont de Sèvres to Vincennes, from St. Denis to the Champ de Mars. Then arrives the news of treason, Necker's dismissal, and the people are faced with the downfall of all their hopes of deliverance; for at this crisis, it seems, even in Paris, that the Court faction, enjoying their triumph at Versailles, have won the day. It is the supreme hour, and patriotic fervour is equal to the occasion. The news of the conspiracy against liberty burst upon the Palais Royal, itself the cradle of the other conspiracy for liberty, whence sprung the French Revolution.

Camille Desmoulins is there, direct from the scene of the counter-revolution; let us take his own words:—"It is half-past two, I have been sounding the people; my indignation against the tyrants of my country is turned to despair." He addressed himself to those about him, enthusiastic young men like himself, "Gentlemen, behold the auspicious commencement of a civic assembly, let one of us devote himself and harangue the people from a table." "Do you mount it," I consented. I was immediately carried to a table. Scarcely had I ascended it, when an immense crowd gathered round me, listening to my words. I shall never forget them. "Citizens," said I, "we have not a moment to lose. I come from Versailles. Necker is dismissed. This is the signal of another Saint Bartholomew to true patriots. This evening the Swiss and German troops will march from the Champ de Mars to cut our throats. We have now but one resource: let us fly to arms, and take a cockade to distinguish us." Tears were in my eyes, and I spoke with an emphasis I shall never recover, with an action which cannot be described. My motion was universally applauded. "What colours do you wish?" cried one. "Choose: will you have green, the colour of Hope; or the blue of Cincinnatus, the colour of American liberty and democracy?" A thousand voices shouted, "Green, the colour of Hope!" Again I exclaimed, "My friends, the signal is given. Behold the spies and satellites of the Court, who stare me in the face. I will not fall alive into their hands!" Then, drawing two pistols from my pocket, I said, "Let all citizens follow my example!" I descended, stifled with embraces. Some pressed me to their hearts, whilst others bathed me with their tears. A citizen of Toulouse, fearing for my life, would not leave me. They brought me a

green ribbon, I first mounted it in my own hat, and then distributed cockades to the multitude." The people were awakened, and began to demonstrate their indignation at the outrage done to the popular cause by the exile of their Ministers, inimical to the boundless greed of courtiers, which had already ruined the monarchy. The wax bust of Necker is at Curtius's waxworks, thither fetch it—the



CAMILLE DESMOULINS RALLYING THE PEOPLE FROM THE CAFÉ DE FOY, IN THE PALAIS ROYAL, JULY 12, 1789

wax bust of Orleans also; let these effigies, crowned with flowers and draped, as in funeral cortège, with crape, be borne by pacesful National Guards in mourning procession; the people following after the manner of those in deep despair. The bust procession, followed by an increasing multitude, finally reaches the Place Louis Quinze, possibly to test the temper of the foreign mercenaries there picketed; Prince de Lambesc, with his Royal Allemands, leaves little doubt on this point; the busts and their bearers are cut at with sabres, the busts fall, and those who bore them; one, a Garde Française, unarmed, is lying in his blood, is borne dead and gory to his barracks, where are his comrades under arms and eager for revenge on his murderers.

Prince de Lambesc, with his Royal Allemands, unlike the reflective Baron Besenval, Commandant of Paris, who knows the temper of his troops, is flushed with this demonstration, and becoming anxious for warlike distinction, he dashes into the Tuileries Gardens, where is the Sunday crowd, his cavalry's swords, blood-bespattered, shall strike terror to the cause; there he overturns an old school-master; the populace, amongst them the processionists lately driven from the streets, raise barricades of chairs, receive his charge with flights of bottles and glasses, and cries of "To Arms!" Now is Paris roused, and Fury awakened; Lambesc may order off his troops; in the Chaussée d'Antin the vengeful Gardes Françaises, from their barracks, pour into the Royal Allemands a volley which wounds and slays. So Lambesc rides out of Paris, and no more troubles the history of the Revolution, betaking himself for safety over the frontier; the chariots with his effects being stopped at the barrier. The cry is "To arms!" and the people are seeking weapons; a patriotic army is enrolled, armourers' shops are broken open, the Garde Meuble is ransacked, pikes are fabricated—fifty thousand in a day and a half—finally twenty-eight thousand stand of muskets are discovered hidden away at the Invalides; Besenval is there, but his troops are melting away, those left have no humour to fire on their countrymen, and the commandant gives no order. The nation's guards have arms and cannon. Hostile, frowning, the landmark of terror and oppression, stands the Bastille, a fortress the Court considered impregnable, commanding the city; among the citizens, with one impulse, it is settled, "the Bastille must fall," and myriads rush off to the formidable task of capturing this dreaded stronghold of feudal tyranny.

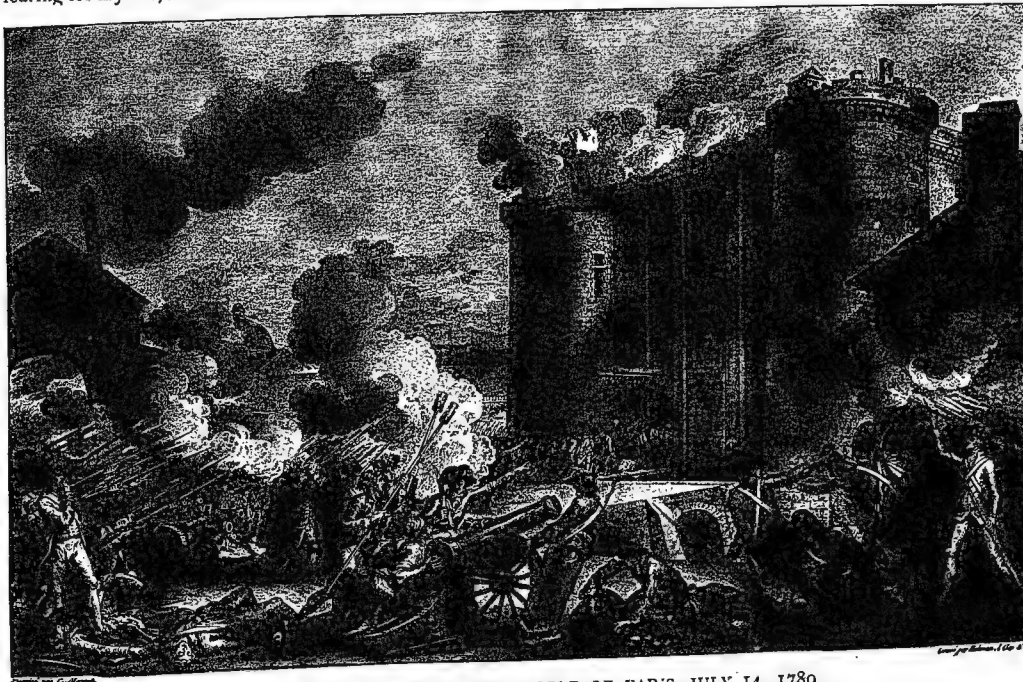
J. G.



SCENE in the GARDEN of the TUILLERIES, 12<sup>th</sup> of July 1789.

Loménie was dismissed; and Necker, the spurious "Saviour of France," was recalled from Switzerland. The Treasury was empty, and nothing remained but the temporary resource of more loans, and trusting to the "Three Estates of the Realm;" these, when called, would not be dismissed, finally resolving themselves into a "National Assembly," sworn to give a Constitution to France before they dissolved. The English satirical version of "The Deficit" is a plain statement of the situation. The Treasury and its coffers are empty. Louis XVI., addressing Necker, declares "the funds are no longer there." Necker responds, "Nevertheless, I left them." The true solution is seen in the *Faux fuyans*—the noblesse and clergy taking flight with the gold. A *grand seigneur*, with a "requête" to the King in his pocket, declares he "has the funds;" and the cleric replies, "I have the rest."

Before the popular cause gained the ascendancy, the Court made endless efforts to overwhelm the people, and, as events proved, only succeeded in destroying the Throne. At Versailles the Assembly, which had so far conquered the aristocratic opposition, found themselves menaced in a vast camp; troops were concentrated around Paris to crush the insurrection, and about the Court at Versailles were fifty thousand soldiers, chiefly foreign regiments, who, for the most part, it was hoped, would without reflection butcher the people at the orders of the Court party. The Guards had already wavered in their allegiance to the Throne, and finally threw in their lot with the populace their brethren, were renamed "National Guards," and commenced by faithfully discharging their new duties. Main-



THE BASTILLE TAKEN BY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS, JULY 14, 1789



## FEMALE CONVICT LIFE AT WOKING—PART II.

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD. WRITTEN BY F. W. ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," &amp;C.



CONVICTS AT WORK IN THE LAUNDRY

And it may be as well to assert again that generally speaking the conduct of the female prisoner is infinitely better, on the whole, than it was ten years ago, and that the "breakings-out" are now the exception to the rule. Possibly there are not so many temptations to insubordination, or opportunities, as there were in the early days. For instance, it was customary in old prison times for the female convict to keep her broom in her cell, but this practice has been given up of late years. A woman, it was considered, might do much mischief with the broom if roused to action, and it was too handy a weapon of defence when the male officers were sent for to convey her in her wild fits to the punishment cells, or the old objectionable "dark." The authorities changed all that, and the broom had to be put outside the door by the prisoner before she was locked up for the night. I believe it was in the days of the Female Convict Prison at Parkhurst that a cat attached to the establishment secured notoriety for itself by regularly going the rounds with the matron whose duty it was to make sure that these brooms were all put outside before, as was then the rule, she closed and locked the prisoner in. The prisoners shut their own doors at Wormwood Scrubs now, it will be remembered, and pull the indicator bell to denote the fact—a considerable improvement on manners and customs elsewhere. The cat was certainly as well up in the prison regulations as the officer in charge, and would immediately sit down before any cell-door where the broom had not been put out for the night, thus signifying by its sudden full-stop that there was a little mistake that required seeing into and rectifying on the spot.

In the punishment-cells our artist has depicted a woman under punishment—a refractory, an incorrigible. The punishment ward consists of a series of cells devoid of some little advantages which the ordinary cell possesses, and at the extremity of the ward is a "solitary," fitted up for any prisoner who should be particularly violent, and disposed to do herself an injury by pitching herself against the walls or floor. The place is lined completely with coir matting, and here in this ugly padded chamber the woman can do pretty well as she likes, and without much hurt or harm to herself. In one instance at Millbank even this precaution was rendered nugatory, a powerful prisoner, one Maria Copes, succeeding in tearing down the whole of the stuffing in the course of the night, and being discovered triumphantly seated in the midst of the ruin she had made the next time the ward officer looked in upon her. This feat has never been attempted successfully at Woking or elsewhere. There is another cell not very frequently used, which stands apart from the wards, and has a little airing-yard of its own in front of it. A door from one of the wards leads into the airing-yard, and beyond is the big "solitary"—very bare, very lonesome, altogether an uncomfortable, spacious cell, with something uncanny in its general aspect. Here is stowed away the female convict who will not keep quiet—whose ravings, or whose ribald songs, or whose profane and violent language would keep a whole ward restless were she in the ordinary cells set apart for punishment. Into this desolate apartment—for it is a stone room rather than a cell—the noisy and violent refractory is bundled, under certain circumstances, and left to her own resources in a place where her screams

and cathes can in no wise affect her contemporaries. She has it all to herself; there is no one to hear her save the matron, who at regular intervals looks her up and makes sure that she is all right, and doing about as well as can naturally be expected of a lady with a high pressure of steam on, which she is determined to work off before settling down and expressing, in due course, her contrition for her exceedingly bad behaviour.

A woman named Rhoda Powell has been in her time one of the troublesome class of prisoners at Woking—many stories are rife concerning her. She was a woman very quick to take offence. One day, when she had asked to see the Director, or had been forced by previous behaviour to confront him for some serious breach of the rules, she was suddenly surprised by the Director stopping her in the midst of her long and rambling statement to inquire if she could not continue her remarks without scratching herself so vigorously.

"What?" ejaculated Rhoda. "What's that you say?"

"What are you scratching at?" asked the curious Director.

That was enough for the outraged feelings of Rhoda Powell. She went back to her cell to brood upon the insult she had received.

"He a gentleman—oh, yes—very much so. 'What are you scratching at,' indeed? A pretty thing to ask a lady!" Rhoda was heard to mutter from time to time the day after the interview.

In the night-time Rhoda indulged in a break-out—a grand and general smash of everything that was smashable, accompanying her violence by a series of blood-curdling shrieks.

The matron on duty—a young woman new to the service, and very much surprised and alarmed—ran to her cell at once.

"What is it, Powell?"

"What are you scratching at?" shouted Powell back, "that's just what I want to know. What are you scratching at?"

There is a considerable thought as to dress in this prison, and as befits a lady's establishment. Each class has a different style of costume—which is very necessary even for purposes of identification—and there are five classes in all at Woking Prison. There is the probation class, in which women for the first nine months wear a lilac cotton skirt in summer, with a blouse bodice, a square of serge for the shoulders, a checked blue and white apron, small white linen cap with goffered border, and a plain, untrimmed coarse white straw bonnet of what is termed the "cottage shape," and a very hideous shape, to our masculine mind, it appears to be. On Sundays white aprons and neckerchiefs are worn. In winter the lilac dress is replaced by a thick blue serge, with a neckerchief of the same material, and a thick fawn-coloured circular cape is also allowed for the shoulders.

In the second nine months the prisoner is a woman of the third class, and wears in summer a plain blue cotton skirt with stripes, and a square of brown serge for the shoulders. The bonnet and linen cap remain the same in style, or distinguished, as it may be, for want of style, and white aprons and neckerchiefs again smarten up the prisoners on the Sabbath. In winter the third-class women wear brown serge dresses and fawn-coloured capes. In the third nine months a female convict becomes a woman of the second class, and is allowed the distinction of wearing a full blue cotton skirt with white spots, a blouse-bodice of the same material, and a square of green serge for the shoulders. In winter she wears a thick green serge gown, the other details of dress being the same as in the preceding class. In the fourth period of nine months she becomes a woman of the first class, with little, if any distinction from the second, and this remains till she is within nine months of the expiration of the sentence, when—happy time for the female convict, with liberty so close at hand again!—she is dubbed a woman of the Special Class, and is envied very much by those of her sister-



THE STRONGEST CONVICTS AT FIRE PUMP DRILL





IN THE PADDED ROOM—REFRACTORY







From this quotation, to be paralleled by many more, it will be clear that lovers of the "gentle sport" have a treat before them in "Angling Songs," quite apart from the interesting biography of a master of their craft with which the poetical portion of the book is prefaced.

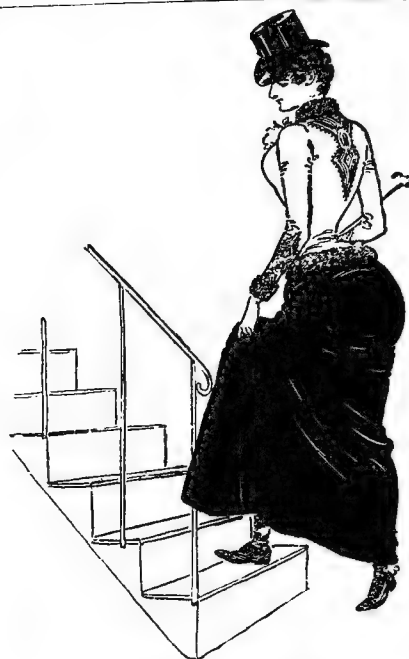




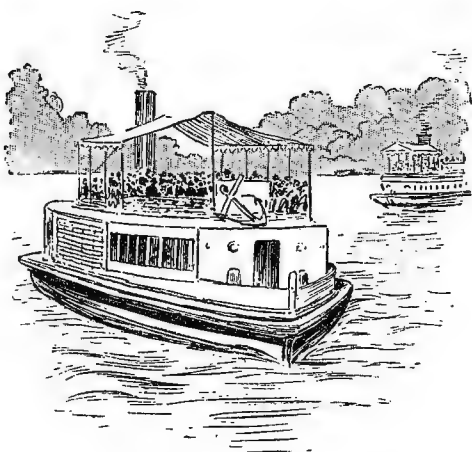
IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS



THE PROSCENIUM BOX



THE RETURN FROM THE BOIS



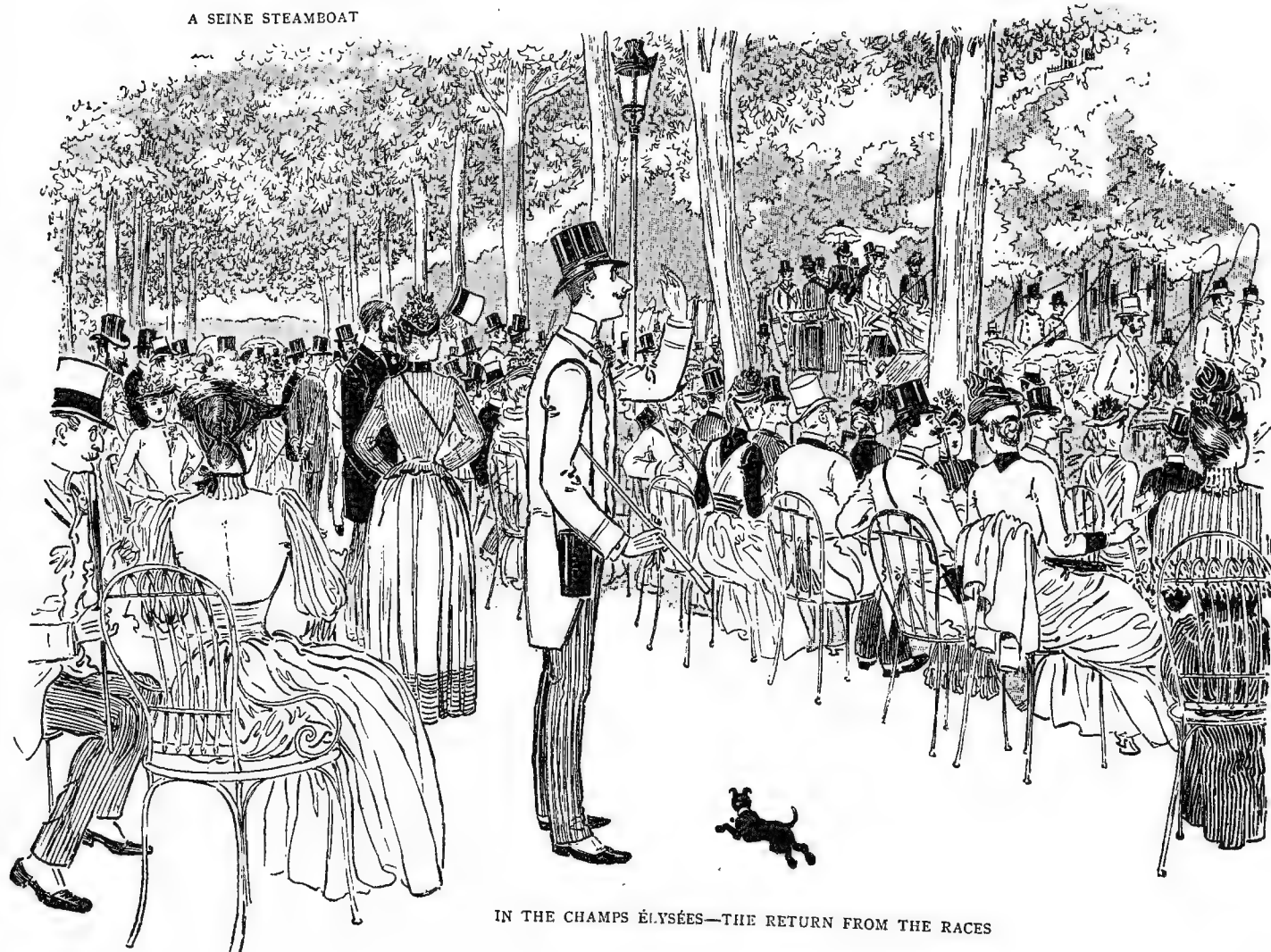
A SEINE STEAMBOAT



AT THE SKATING-CLUB



A WATER-CRESS SELLER



IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES—THE RETURN FROM THE RACES

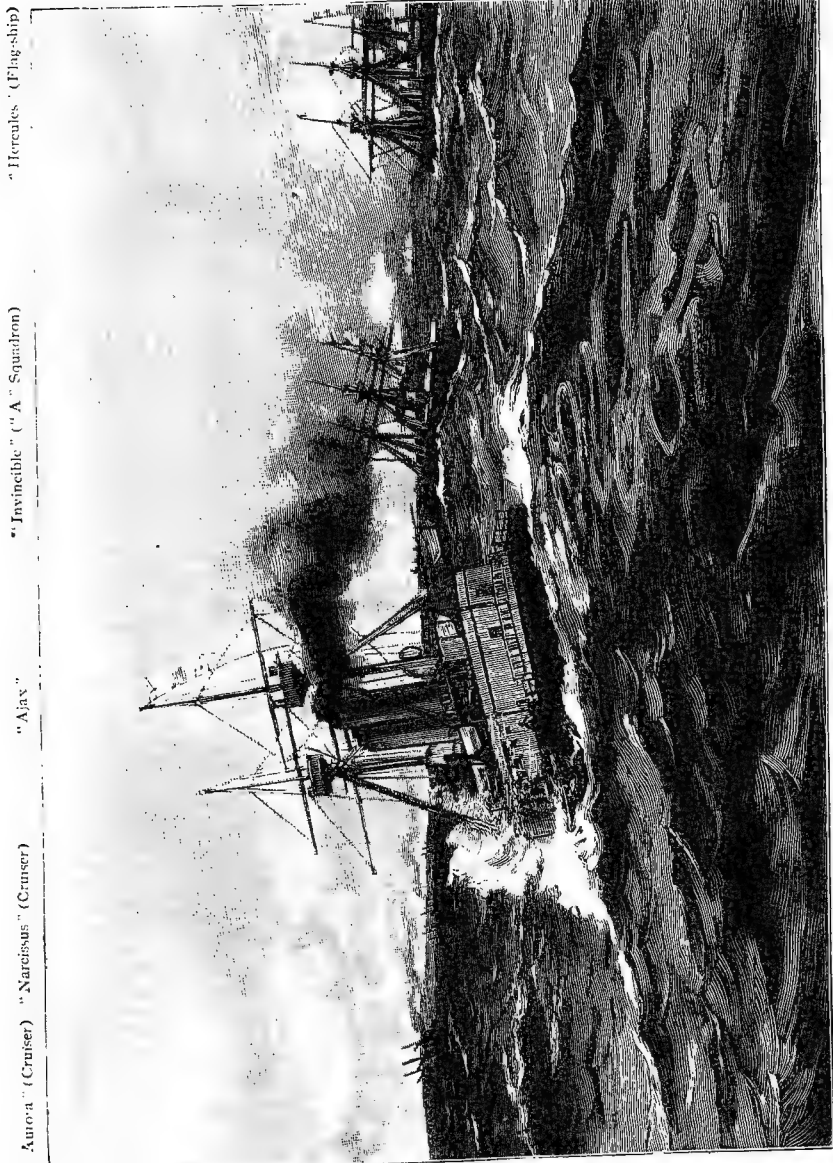


A BOULEVARD SKETCH

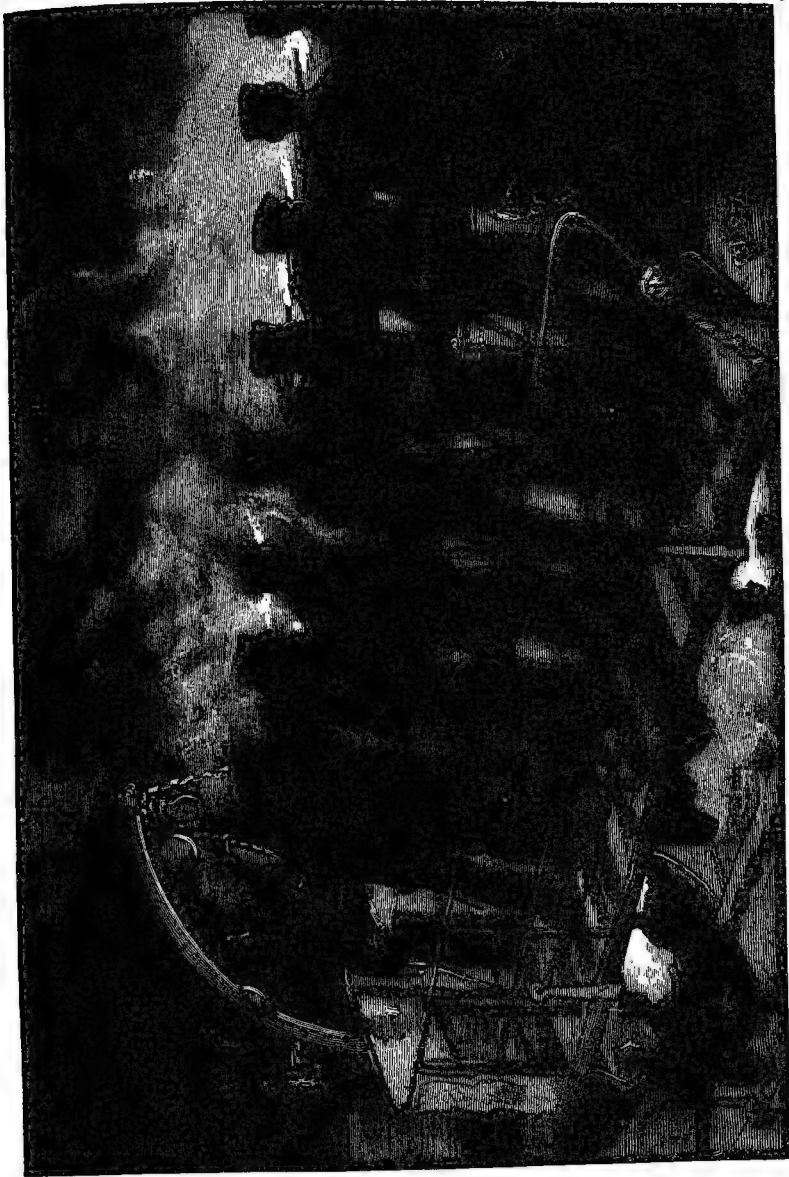


A SHOE-BLACK





WE SIGHT FOUR SHIPS OF THE ENEMY OFF QUEENSTOWN AND GIVE CHASE



A BRUSH WITH A TORPEDO BOAT—SMALL-ARM MEN ON THE FOREBRIDGE ; QUICK-FIRING GUNS ON THE DECK BELOW



FULL SPEED IN CHASE OF THE ENEMY : ONE OF THE FOUR STROKEHOLES OF H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"



A BRUSH WITH A TORPEDO BOAT—FLASHING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON TO THE BOAT AND FIRING THE HOTCHKISS GUN

TIE NAVAL MANŒUVRES  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"





THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Bishop of Derry, and the Bishop of Lichfield will be the preachers at the three special services to be held on the opening day of the Church Congress at Cardiff.

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S and Canon Liddon have subscribed 5*l.* each to the Special Relief Fund for the strikers at the East End, one of the promoters of which is Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. On Sunday, Canon Scott Holland, preaching at St. Paul's, asked the congregation to pray that "the great conflict in which the poor of London are so deeply concerned may be kept free from prejudice and passion."

AT THE INSTANCE of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Primate has selected the Rev. C. G. Corfe, Chaplain of H.M.'s Dockyard, Portsmouth, to be the first Bishop of Corea. Certain funds for the unendowed See will be provided by the Society.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., is said to be the anonymous donor of 15,000*l.* to the new church at Portsea, of which the first stone was recently laid by the Princess Beatrice on behalf of the Queen.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, it is rumoured, thinks of founding a monastery, with a model farm and artisans' home annexed to it, at Whithorn, near Newton Stuart.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE COLONEL TOMLINE, whose death was recorded in our last week's Obituary, have been cremated at Woking. Previously a funeral service was held at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, at which the vicar officiated.



THE TURF.—Chitabob won the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, on Thursday last week, so easily that there can be no doubt about his being able to stay a mile and three-quarters at Doncaster. Consequently there was a tremendous rush to back him, and he quickly came to two to one, while Donovan came back to evens. Still it must be remembered that the opposition which Chitabob encountered in the above-mentioned race was not of a very powerful character, and that, moreover, it was run at a very slow pace. Now Melanion is being specially trained to make the pace a "cracker" in the St. Leger—which fact, by the by, does not look as if there was much truth in the rumour that Donovan's wind is affected. The only other race of importance at York, beyond those which we mentioned last week, was the Gimcrack Stakes, which Lockhart, ridden by Fagan (who has steered the winner of this race four times in five years), easily secured for Mr. W. I'Anson. The racing at Scarborough and Huntingdon does not call for any notice, except that at the latter meeting T. Loates rode five winners, bringing his total up to 110. He can hardly fail now to be the premier jockey of the year.

At Derby on Tuesday the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes fell to Capt. Macbell's Heresy; and the Peveril of the Peak Stakes to Helmsley. Next day Signorina added another win to her credit in the Harrington Stakes, and St. Peter's won the Devonshire Nursery Handicap. Houndsditch won the Chatsworth Stakes for Mr. Lowther, and Workington the Breeders' St. Leger for the same owner.

Mr. Benzon's long-expected book, "How I Lost 250,000*l.* in Two Years," was published last week. It is a dismal record of foolishness, relieved by surprisingly few good stories—the best, perhaps, being his account of how he "took on" Roberts at pyramids, when the champion ended by owing him thirteen balls and laying him 100 to 1—and marred by much slang and bad grammar.

CRICKET.—A more exciting finish to the county season than the match between Notts and Kent could not have been desired. Notts batted first, and made 134 (Gunn 40), to which Kent replied with 118. The wicket was very difficult when Notts started their second venture, and Martin and Wright dismissed them all for 35—the smallest total made this season in a county match. This left Kent with 52 to get to win, and when six wickets were down for 25 it looked as if the task were beyond them. At this juncture, however, Bombardier Barton came in, and at once laid about him so pluckily that he and George Hearne knocked off the remaining runs without further loss. This left the County Championship somewhat doubtful, as Notts, Lancashire, and Surrey had each scored 10½ points in fourteen matches. Inasmuch as Notts had only been beaten twice, while the other two had each lost three matches, most people (except enthusiastic Surreyites) place that county first, with Lancashire second, owing to their double victory over Surrey. Then come Kent, Middlesex, and Gloucestershire, and lastly Yorkshire and Sussex. Notts owe their position chiefly to the batting of Gunn and Shrewsbury, who average 37 and 35 runs respectively, and to the bowling of Attewell (eighty-one wickets for less than 11 runs apiece), Flowers, Richardson, and Shacklock. Sugg (32) and A. Ward (29) have batted best for Lancashire, while Briggs, Mold, and Watson have been most destructive with the ball. Mr. Key and Lohmann respectively head the batting and bowling averages of Surrey; and for Kent Messrs. Wilson, Marchant, and Patterson have batted best, while Wright and Martin have accounted for nearly all the wickets. For Middlesex, Mr. Nepean is third in the batting and first in the bowling averages, "W. G.'s" average of 36 for Gloucestershire speaks for itself, Hall and Peel have done their best for Yorkshire, while for Sussex Mr. Newham is the best of a bad lot.

Of the other matches concluded since we last wrote we may mention Surrey's two victories over Hampshire, Lancashire's victory over Leicestershire in a single day, owing to the wonderful bowling of Briggs, who took fifteen wickets for 50 runs, and the defeat at Scarborough of the Zingari by the Gentlemen of England, and of Yorkshire by M.C.C. The close of the season has inspired some of our batsmen. Willington made 662 for six wickets against the St. John's L.V.C., Mr. G. R. Jackson compiling 249 and Mr. G. F. Jackson only ten less; and M.C.C. made 466 for six wickets (Mr. J. S. Russell 132, Rev. P. Hattersley Smith 120), and, putting the new rule into force, defeated Devonshire Park by an innings.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Football began in the North on Monday, when several matches were played.—E. J. Reddish, a well-known teacher of swimming, succeeded last week in rivaling Captain Webb's feat of swimming from Blackwall to Grayesend. The Long Distance Amateur Championship on Saturday was won by H. Bowden, the One Mile Champion.—J. Kibblewhite accomplished a remarkable performance at the Spartan Harriers' Athletic Meeting on Saturday. Starting from scratch in the Three Miles Handicap,

he ran the full distance in 14 min. 29 3-5th sec., beating W. G. George's record made in 1884 by nearly ten seconds.—The pugilists are swarming to this country. Peter Jackson, a "culled pusson," is the latest arrival.—The great race for the Sculling Championship of the World between Searle and O'Connor takes place on Monday next. Hanlan is reported to consider Searle the best man who ever sat in a boat.—An appeal is being made on behalf of John Roberts, sen., who was for so many years the Champion at Billiards.



THE Committee for the liberation of Mrs. Maybrick is still at work. They are to take the opinion of Counsel as to the best method of annulling the Home Secretary's decision, and the public is to be appealed to for subscriptions to defray any expenses that may have to be incurred.

J. W. LAURIE, the suspected perpetrator of the Arran murder, has been arrested at Larkhall, near Coatbridge. Just before his capture, he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. The wound was not serious. On being brought before the Sheriff at Rothesay he asserted his innocence, and was remanded.

SEVERAL CHARGES of attempts by strikers to intimidate willing workers from earning their daily bread have been brought before metropolitan police magistrates. On conviction, sentences have been passed varying generally from three months' hard labour to one month, according to the violence employed or threatened.

TO BE CURED, to all appearance, after being bitten by a mad dog, is no security against hydrophobia. An inquest was held this week at St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the body of a boy who was thus bitten on the 8th of June, when his wound was medically treated and healed. On Wednesday last week he was attacked by hydrophobia, and died on the following Saturday. A verdict of death from hydrophobia was returned.

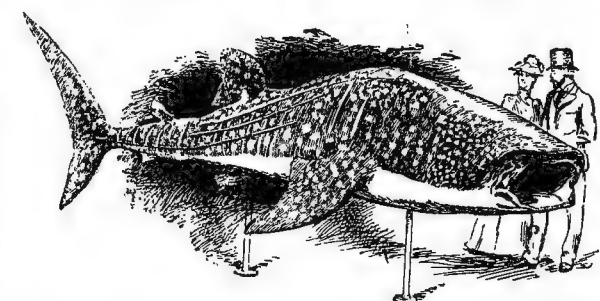
A USEFUL MONITION in connection with the sending of postal orders was given during proceedings at Bow Street, when a letter-carrier was committed for trial on a charge of having stolen no fewer than eighty-five postal orders. The magistrate having remarked that since the issue of postal orders there had been more thefts than under the money-order system, the Post Office official who had charge of the case replied that the public will not fill up the name of the office at which the order should be paid, or the name of the person to whom it is payable. In this particular case the orders, when posted, had been left blank.

THE MUCH TALKED OF VISCOUNT HINTON, after a varied career, has, for some time past, taken to organ-grinding in the London streets, a placard affixed to his instrument announcing the performer's connection with the peerage. The mistress of a public-house in the St. James's district, apparently of musical tastes, asked him to perform some of her favourite airs, and he was in course of complying with the request when he received a summons on the part of some visitors to an adjacent hotel to desist. On refusing, he was charged at the Marlborough Street Police Office with creating an annoyance. The magistrate mulcted the Viscount in a fine of 40*s.*; in default fourteen days' hard labour.

"TOTTIE FAY," a lady with innumerable aliases, and with whose unedifying sayings and doings the metropolitan police-magistrates are only too familiar, has been again charged at Bow Street with being drunk and disorderly. She appeared in an old ball-dress with a white bodice, and the gaoler of the Court explained that such a costume was part of her stock-in-trade. According to this functionary, who evidently knew all about her, she is in the habit of driving to an hotel with an almost empty box, which is supposed to represent luggage. Having donned evening dress and secured a latch-key she proceeds to a theatre, and when the performance is over she is to be seen at the entrance in a pretended state of great excitement, lamenting the absence of her footman and brougham, and declaring that she cannot get home as she has no money. When not drunk and disorderly she plays her part so well that there is always some simple-minded gentleman who pays her cab-fare, and sometimes sees her to her hotel. In the latter event, she turns upon her friend and forces a quarrel upon him in the hope that he will "settle up" to avoid further annoyance. In this case she had been experimenting on a gentleman who was just entering his house, and with him she claimed an acquaintance, though he denied even having seen her in his life before. The Magistrate pronounced her version of the incident to be a wicked lie, and ordered her to find two sureties in 20*l.* for her good behaviour during six months.

## THE BASKING SHARK OF THE INDO-PACIFIC OCEAN

THE largest fish living at the present period seems to be a shark from the Indo-Pacific Ocean, the *Rhinodon typicus* of zoologists, or the "Chagrin" of the fishermen of the Seychelle Islands. Although widely distributed between the tropics, it has been observed only at long intervals, and in the most distant parts of the ocean. For many years the sole evidence of its existence rested upon a stray specimen, fifteen feet long, which was brought ashore in Table Bay during the month of April, 1828, and fortunately fell into the hands of the late Sir Andrew Smith, then resident in Capetown, who named, described, and figured it. The specimen itself was preserved by a French taxidermist, who sold it to the Paris Museum, where it still remains, in a much deteriorated condition. Forty years later, in 1868, Dr. Perceval Wright, whilst staying at Mahé with Mr. Swinburne Ward, then Civil Commissioner of the Seychelles, met with this shark, and obtained the first authentic information about it. It does not seem to be rare in this archipelago, but is very seldom obtained, on account of its large size and the difficulties attending its capture.



Dr. Wright saw specimens which exceeded fifty feet in length, and one that was actually measured by Mr. Ward proved to be more than forty-five feet long. Nothing more was heard of this creature until January, 1878, in which year the capture of another specimen was reported from the Peruvian coast near Callao; finally, in the present decennium Mr. Haly,

the accomplished Director of the Colombo Museum, discovered it on the west coast of Ceylon, and succeeded in obtaining two or three specimens. One of these was presented by that institution to the Trustees of the British Museum; and, having been mounted by Mr. Gerrard, it is now exhibited in the Fish Gallery, where it forms one of the most striking objects, although it must be considered a young example, measuring only seventeen feet from the end of the snout to the extremity of the tail.

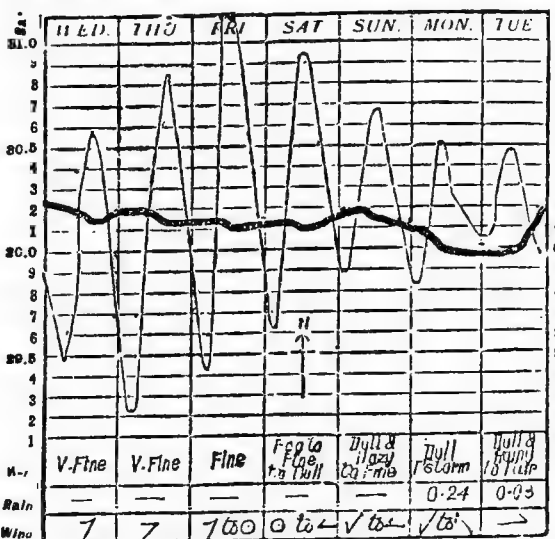
A true shark in every respect, *Rhinodon* is distinguished from the other members of the tribe by the peculiar shape of the head, which is of large size and great breadth, the mouth being quite in front of the snout, and not at the lower side, as in other sharks. Each jaw is armed with a band of teeth, arranged in regular transverse rows, and so minute that in the present specimen their number has been calculated to be about 6,000. The gill-openings are very wide; and three raised folds of the skin run along each side of the body. Also in its variegated coloration this fish differs from the majority of sharks, being prettily ornamented all over with spots and stripes of a buff tint.

Those who are acquainted with the Basking shark of the Western Coast of Ireland will be reminded of certain resemblances between these two gigantic sharks of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. And, indeed, their habits are very similar. Like the Basking shark of the Atlantic, the Indian species rises to the surface in calm weather, floating or lazily moving about; it is perfectly harmless and inoffensive, only anxious to get out of harm's way when attacked. Dr. Wright was informed that it is herbivorous, but it is much more probable that it feeds on small fish or other pelagic animals, which swimming in shoals afford an ample supply of food to these gigantic creatures.

Many naturalists have doubted the existence at the present day of fishes exceeding a length of thirty feet. It is, therefore, much to be desired that persons who may have the good fortune of meeting with this rare and remarkable form should, whenever possible, take actual measurements, and obtain any further information as to its life-history and habits.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (3rd inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has shown a great improvement on that recently experienced. The distribution of pressure has been mainly anticyclonic over the Southern districts, and principally cyclonic in the West and North. Towards the close of the week, however, the high pressure system became transferred to the North Sea, and the Eastern districts of England. Shallow depressions advanced from the Bay of Biscay and France to Ireland and England, and the fine weather broke up, rain and thunderstorms occurring in nearly all parts of the country. Over Ireland and Scotland conditions have been much less settled, and the amount of bright sunshine not nearly so large. The wind has been generally from the South or South-Westward, and has been light in force, except on the first day of the period, when it was strong and squally in the West and North-West, with a gale in some exposed places. Temperature has been much higher over England than for a long while past, the thermometer on Friday (30th ult.) rising to a maximum of 80° to 83° over England.

The barometer was highest (30.25 inches) on Wednesday (28th ult.); lowest 29.99 inches on Monday and Tuesday (2nd and 3rd inst.); range 0.26 inch.

The temperature was highest (83°) on Friday (30th ult.); lowest (45°) on Thursday (29th ult.); range 38°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.27 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.24 inch on Monday (2nd inst.)

THE HEIRESS TO THE THRONE OF THE NETHERLANDS, Princess Wilhelmina, kept her ninth birthday at the Hague, on Saturday, with much festivity. A juvenile deputation from the Dutch schools paid their respects to their future Queen, the troops paraded, a rustic *fête* was held in the wood, and fireworks closed the entertainments. The King remains at the Palace of Loo, but has again suffered from his chronic malady.

THE ORIENTAL CONGRESS was opened at Stockholm by King Oscar on Monday, with much ceremony. Members of all nations attended, from English and Americans to Turks and Siamese, from French, Danes, and Russians to Japanese, Greeks, and Egyptians. Amongst the English representatives were Professor Max Müller, specially invited by the King of Sweden, and Professor Sayce, while there were several ladies renowned in Eastern studies, such as Madame Dieulafoy of Persian discovery fame.

THE RENOWNED SPANISH BULLFIGHTER, FRASCUELO, has just retired into private life with a handsome fortune. He cut off the knot of hair which all toreadors wear at the back of the head as a sign of their profession, and presented it to his little daughter, implying that he should never again enter the arena. Frascuelo has long been the darling of Madrid, and when he was dangerously hurt some years ago, crowds besieged his house with pathetic inquiries. His right hand has been weak ever since, so he decided to retire, and received a perfect ovation at his farewell performance. Frascuelo was originally a working upholsterer, and first took to bull-fighting as an amateur.

THE AMOUNT OF "DRINKS" CONSUMED BY EUROPEANS IN CALCUTTA must be something appalling if we are to credit the medical testimony given in a Lahore paper. According to this authority the Calcutta man commences at 7 A.M. with an "eye-opener." Then he reads the paper, takes his *chota hazri*, or little breakfast, and at 8 swallows a "steadier." A tub follows with an "appetiser," preparatory to his regular breakfast at 9. Next he goes to the office, where during the day he consumes—at 11, a "strengtheners;" 2 P.M., a "tiffin;" 4, a "refresher;" 6, a "tennis." Returning home he takes a "digestor" at 8 P.M., a "composer" at 9, and just before going to bed an "eye-closer."



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Class 162, 983 Gs. Class 163, 989 Gs. Class 164, 995 Gs. Class 165, 1001 Gs. Class 166, 1007 Gs. Class 167, 1013 Gs. Class 168, 1019 Gs. Class 169, 1025 Gs. Class 170, 1031 Gs. Class 171, 1037 Gs. Class 172, 1043 Gs. Class 173, 1049 Gs. Class 174, 1055 Gs. Class 175, 1061 Gs. Class 176, 1067 Gs. Class 177, 1073 Gs. Class 178, 1079 Gs. Class 179, 1085 Gs. Class 180, 1091 Gs. Class 181, 1097 Gs. Class 182, 1103 Gs. Class 183, 1109 Gs. Class 184, 1115 Gs. Class 185, 1121 Gs. Class 186, 1127 Gs. Class 187, 1133 Gs. Class 188, 1139 Gs. Class 189, 1145 Gs. Class 190, 1151 Gs. Class 191, 1157 Gs. Class 192, 1163 Gs. Class 193, 1169 Gs. Class 194, 1175 Gs. Class 195, 1181 Gs. Class 196, 1187 Gs. Class 197, 1193 Gs. Class 198, 1199 Gs. Class 199, 1205 Gs. Class 200, 1211 Gs. Class 201, 1217 Gs. Class 202, 1223 Gs. Class 203, 1229 Gs. Class 204, 1235 Gs. Class 205, 1241 Gs. Class 206, 1247 Gs. Class 207, 1253 Gs. Class 208, 1259 Gs. Class 209, 1265 Gs. Class 210, 1271 Gs. Class 211, 1277 Gs. Class 212, 1283 Gs. Class 213, 1289 Gs. Class 214, 1295 Gs. Class 215, 1301 Gs. Class 216, 1307 Gs. Class 217, 1313 Gs. Class 218, 1319 Gs. Class 219, 1325 Gs. Class 220, 1331 Gs. Class 221, 1337 Gs. Class 222, 1343 Gs. Class 223, 1349 Gs. Class 224, 1355 Gs. Class 225, 1361 Gs. Class 226, 1367 Gs. Class 227, 1373 Gs. Class 228, 1379 Gs. Class 229, 1385 Gs. Class 230, 1391 Gs. Class 231, 1397 Gs. Class 232, 1403 Gs. Class 233, 1409 Gs. Class 234, 1415 Gs. Class 235, 1421 Gs. Class 236, 1427 Gs. Class 237, 1433 Gs. Class 238, 1439 Gs. Class 239, 1445 Gs. Class 240, 1451 Gs. Class 241, 1457 Gs. Class 242, 1463 Gs. Class 243, 1469 Gs. Class 244, 1475 Gs. Class 245, 1481 Gs. Class 246, 1487 Gs. Class 247, 1493 Gs. Class 248, 1499 Gs. Class 249, 1505 Gs. Class 250, 1511 Gs. Class 251, 1517 Gs. Class 252, 1523 Gs. Class 253, 1529 Gs. Class 254, 1535 Gs. Class 255, 1541 Gs. Class 256, 1547 Gs. Class 257, 1553 Gs. Class 258, 1559 Gs. Class 259, 1565 Gs. Class 260, 1571 Gs. Class 261, 1577 Gs. Class 262, 1583 Gs. Class 263, 1589 Gs. Class 264, 1595 Gs. Class 265, 1601 Gs. Class 266, 1607 Gs. Class 267, 1613 Gs. Class 268, 1619 Gs. Class 269, 1625 Gs. Class 270, 1631 Gs. Class 271, 1637 Gs. Class 272, 1643 Gs. Class 273, 1649 Gs. Class 274, 1655 Gs. Class 275, 1661 Gs. Class 276, 1667 Gs. Class 277, 1673 Gs. Class 278, 1679 Gs. Class 279, 1685 Gs. Class 280, 1691 Gs. Class 281, 1697 Gs. Class 282, 1703 Gs. Class 283, 1709 Gs. Class 284, 1715 Gs. Class 285, 1721 Gs. Class 286, 1727 Gs. Class 287, 1733 Gs. Class 288, 1739 Gs. Class 289, 1745 Gs. Class 290, 1751 Gs. Class 291, 1757 Gs. Class 292, 1763 Gs. Class 293, 1769 Gs. Class 294, 1775 Gs. Class 295, 1781 Gs. Class 296, 1787 Gs. Class 297, 1793 Gs. Class 298, 1799 Gs. Class 299, 1805 Gs. Class 300, 1811 Gs. Class 301, 1817 Gs. Class 302, 1823 Gs. Class 303, 1829 Gs. Class 304, 1835 Gs. Class 305, 1841 Gs. Class 306, 1847 Gs. Class 307, 1853 Gs. Class 308, 1859 Gs. Class 309, 1865 Gs. Class 310, 1871 Gs. Class 311, 1877 Gs. Class 312, 1883 Gs. Class 313, 1889 Gs. Class 314, 1895 Gs. Class 315, 1901 Gs. Class 316, 1907 Gs. Class 317, 1913 Gs. Class 318, 1919 Gs. Class 319, 1925 Gs. Class 320, 1931 Gs. Class 321, 1937 Gs. Class 322, 1943 Gs. Class 323, 1949 Gs. Class 324, 1955 Gs. Class 325, 1961 Gs. Class 326, 1967 Gs. Class 327, 1973 Gs. Class 328, 1979 Gs. Class 329, 1985 Gs. Class 330, 1991 Gs. Class 331, 1997 Gs. Class 332, 2003 Gs. Class 333, 2009 Gs. Class 334, 2015 Gs. Class 335, 2021 Gs. Class 336, 2027 Gs. Class 337, 2033 Gs. Class 338, 2039 Gs. Class 339, 2045 Gs. Class 340, 2051 Gs. Class 341, 2057 Gs. Class 342, 2063 Gs. Class 343, 2069 Gs. Class 344, 2075 Gs. Class 345, 2081 Gs. Class 346, 2087 Gs. Class 347, 2093 Gs. Class 348, 2099 Gs. Class 349, 2105 Gs. Class 350, 2111 Gs. Class 351, 2117 Gs. Class 352, 2123 Gs. Class 353, 2129 Gs. Class 354, 2135 Gs. Class 355, 2141 Gs. Class 356, 2147 Gs. Class 357, 2153 Gs. Class 358, 2159 Gs. Class 359, 2165 Gs. Class 360, 2171 Gs. Class 361, 2177 Gs. Class 362, 2183 Gs. Class 363, 2189 Gs. Class 364, 2195 Gs. Class 365, 2201 Gs. Class 366, 2207 Gs. Class 367, 2213 Gs. Class 368, 2219 Gs. Class 369, 2225 Gs. Class 370, 2231 Gs. Class 371, 2237 Gs. Class 372, 2243 Gs. Class 373, 2249 Gs. Class 374, 2255 Gs. Class 375, 2261 Gs. Class 376, 2267 Gs. Class 377, 2273 Gs. Class 378, 2279 Gs. Class 379, 2285 Gs. Class 380, 2291 Gs. Class 381, 2297 Gs. Class 382, 2303 Gs. Class 383, 2309 Gs. Class 384, 2315 Gs. Class 385, 2321 Gs. Class 386, 2327 Gs. Class 387, 2333 Gs. Class 388, 2339 Gs. Class 389, 2345 Gs. Class 390, 2351 Gs. Class 391, 2357 Gs. Class 392, 2363 Gs. Class 393, 2369 Gs. Class 394, 2375 Gs. Class 395, 2381 Gs. Class 396, 2387 Gs. Class 397, 2393 Gs. Class 398, 2399 Gs. Class 399, 2405 Gs. Class 400, 2411 Gs. Class 401, 2417 Gs. Class 402, 2423 Gs. Class 403, 2429 Gs. Class 404, 2435 Gs. Class 405, 2441 Gs. Class 406, 2447 Gs. Class 407, 2453 Gs. Class 408, 2459 Gs. Class 409, 2465 Gs. Class 410, 2471 Gs. Class 411, 2477 Gs. 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Class 462, 2783 Gs. Class 463, 2789 Gs. Class 464, 2795 Gs. Class 465, 2801 Gs. Class 466, 2807 Gs. Class 467, 2813 Gs. Class 468, 2819 Gs. Class 469, 2825 Gs. Class 470, 2831 Gs. Class 471, 2837 Gs. Class 472, 2843 Gs. Class 473, 2849 Gs. Class 474, 2855 Gs. Class 475, 2861 Gs. Class 476, 2867 Gs. Class 477, 2873 Gs. Class 478, 2879 Gs. Class 479, 2885 Gs. Class 480, 2891 Gs. Class 481, 2897 Gs. Class 482, 2903 Gs. Class 483, 2909 Gs. Class 484, 2915 Gs. Class 485, 2921 Gs. Class 486, 2927 Gs. Class 487, 2933 Gs. Class 488, 2939 Gs. Class 489, 2945 Gs. Class 490, 2951 Gs. Class 491, 2957 Gs. Class 492, 2963 Gs. Class 493, 2969 Gs. Class 494, 2975 Gs. Class 495, 2981 Gs. Class 496, 2987 Gs. Class 497, 2993 Gs. Class 498, 2999 Gs. Class 499, 3005 Gs. Class 500, 3011 Gs. Class 501, 3017 Gs. Class 502, 3023 Gs. Class 503, 3029 Gs. Class 504, 3035 Gs. Class 505, 3041 Gs. Class 506, 3047 Gs. Class 507, 3053 Gs. Class 508, 3059 Gs. Class 509, 3065 Gs. Class 510, 3071 Gs. Class 511, 3077 Gs. Class 512, 3083 Gs. Class 513, 3089 Gs. Class 514, 3095 Gs. Class 515, 3101 Gs. Class 516, 3107 Gs. Class 517, 3113 Gs. Class 518, 3119 Gs. Class 519, 3125 Gs. Class 520, 3131 Gs. Class 521, 3137 Gs. Class 522, 3143 Gs. Class 523, 3149 Gs. Class 524, 3155 Gs. Class 525, 3161 Gs. Class 526, 3167 Gs. Class 527, 3173 Gs. Class 528, 3179 Gs. Class 529, 3185 Gs. Class 530, 3191 Gs. Class 531, 3197 Gs. Class 532, 3203 Gs. Class 533, 3209 Gs. Class 534, 3215 Gs. Class 535, 3221 Gs. Class 536, 3227 Gs. Class 537, 3233 Gs. Class 538, 3239 Gs. Class 539, 3245 Gs. Class 540, 3251 Gs. Class 541, 3257 Gs. Class 542, 3263 Gs. Class 543, 3269 Gs. Class 544, 3275 Gs. Class 545, 3281 Gs. Class 546, 3287 Gs. Class 547, 3293 Gs. Class 548, 3299 Gs. Class 549, 3305 Gs. Class 550, 3311 Gs. Class 551, 3317 Gs. Class 552, 3323 Gs. Class 553, 3329 Gs. Class 554, 3335 Gs. Class 555, 3341 Gs. Class 556, 3347 Gs. Class 557, 3353 Gs. Class 558, 3359 Gs. Class 559, 3365 Gs. Class 560, 3371 Gs. Class 561, 3377 Gs. Class 562, 3383 Gs. Class 563, 3389 Gs. Class 564, 3395 Gs. Class 565, 3401 Gs. Class 566, 3407 Gs. Class 567, 3413 Gs. Class 568, 3419 Gs. Class 569, 3425 Gs. Class 570, 3431 Gs. Class 571, 3437 Gs. Class 572, 3443 Gs. Class 573, 3449 Gs. Class 574, 3455 Gs. Class 575, 3461 Gs. Class 576, 3467 Gs. Class 577, 3473 Gs. Class 578, 3479 Gs. Class 579, 3485 Gs. Class 580, 3491 Gs. Class 581, 3497 Gs. Class 582, 3503 Gs. Class 583, 3509 Gs. Class 584, 3515 Gs. Class 585, 3521 Gs. Class 586, 3527 Gs. Class 587, 3533 Gs. Class 588, 3539 Gs. Class 589, 3545 Gs. Class 590, 3551 Gs. Class 591, 3557 Gs. Class 592, 3563 Gs. Class 593, 3569 Gs. Class 594, 3575 Gs. Class 595, 3581 Gs. Class 596, 3587 Gs. Class 597, 3593 Gs. Class 598, 3599 Gs. Class 599, 3605 Gs. Class 600, 3611 Gs. Class 601, 3617 Gs. Class 602, 3623 Gs. Class 603, 3629 Gs. Class 604, 3635 Gs. Class 605, 3641 Gs. Class 606, 3647 Gs. Class 607, 3653 Gs. Class 608, 3659 Gs. Class 609, 3665 Gs. Class 610, 3671 Gs. Class 611, 3677 Gs. Class 612, 3683 Gs. Class 613, 3689 Gs. Class 614, 3695 Gs. Class 615, 3701 Gs. Class 616, 3707 Gs. Class 617, 3713 Gs. Class 618, 3719 Gs. Class 619, 3725 Gs. Class 620, 3731 Gs. Class 621, 3737 Gs. Class 622, 3743 Gs. Class 623, 3749 Gs. Class 624, 3755 Gs. Class 625, 3761 Gs. Class 626, 3767 Gs. Class 627, 3773 Gs. Class 628, 3779 Gs. Class 629, 3785 Gs. Class 630, 3791 Gs. Class 631, 3797 Gs. Class 632, 3803 Gs. Class 633, 3809 Gs. Class 634, 3815 Gs. Class 635, 3821 Gs. Class 636, 3827 Gs. Class 637, 3833 Gs. Class 638, 3839 Gs. Class 639, 3845 Gs. Class 640, 3851 Gs. Class 641, 3857 Gs. Class 642, 3863 Gs. Class 643, 3869 Gs. Class 644, 3875 Gs. Class 645, 3881 Gs. Class 646, 3887 Gs. Class 647, 3893 Gs. Class 648, 3899 Gs. Class 649, 3905 Gs. Class 650, 3911 Gs. Class 651, 3917 Gs. Class 652, 3923 Gs. Class 653, 3929 Gs. Class 654, 3935 Gs. Class 655, 3941 Gs. Class 656, 3947 Gs. Class 657, 3953 Gs. Class 658, 3959 Gs. Class 659, 3965 Gs. Class 660, 3971 Gs. Class 661, 3977 Gs. Class 662, 3983 Gs. Class 663, 3989 Gs. Class 664, 3995 Gs. Class 665, 4001 Gs. Class 666, 4007 Gs. Class 667, 4013 Gs. Class 668, 4019 Gs. Class 669, 4025 Gs. Class 670, 4031 Gs. Class 671, 4037 Gs. Class 672, 4043 Gs. Class 673, 4049 Gs. Class 674, 4055 Gs. Class 675, 4061 Gs. Class 676, 4067 Gs. Class 677, 4073 Gs. Class 678, 4079 Gs. Class 679, 4085 Gs. Class 680, 4091 Gs. Class 681, 4097 Gs. Class 682, 4103 Gs. Class 683, 4109 Gs. Class 684, 4115 Gs. Class 685, 4121 Gs. Class 686, 4127 Gs. Class 687, 4133 Gs. Class 688, 4139 Gs. Class 689, 4145 Gs. Class 690, 4151 Gs. Class 691, 4157 Gs. Class 692, 4163 Gs. Class 693, 4169 Gs. Class 694, 4175 Gs. Class 695, 4181 Gs. Class 696, 4187 Gs. Class 697, 4193 Gs. Class 698, 4199 Gs. Class 699, 4205 Gs. Class 700, 4211 Gs. Class 701, 4217 Gs. Class 702, 4223 Gs. Class 703, 4229 Gs. Class 704, 4235 Gs. Class 705, 4241 Gs. Class 706, 4247 Gs. Class 707, 4253 Gs. Class 708, 4259 Gs. Class 709, 4265 Gs. Class 710, 4271 Gs. Class 711, 4277 Gs. Class 712, 4283 Gs. Class 713, 4289 Gs. Class 714, 4295 Gs. Class 715, 4301 Gs. Class 716, 4307 Gs. Class 717, 4313 Gs. Class 718, 4319 Gs. Class 719, 4325 Gs. Class 720, 4331 Gs. Class 721, 4337 Gs. Class 722, 4343 Gs. Class 723, 4349 Gs. Class 724, 4355 Gs. Class 725, 4361 Gs. Class 726, 4367 Gs. Class 727, 4373 Gs. Class 728, 4379 Gs. Class 729, 4385 Gs. Class 730, 4391 Gs. Class 731, 4397 Gs. Class 732, 4403 Gs. Class 733, 4409 Gs. Class 734, 4415 Gs. Class 735, 4421 Gs. Class 736, 4427 Gs. Class 737, 4433 Gs. Class 738, 4439 Gs. Class 739, 4445 Gs. Class 740, 4451 Gs. Class 741, 4457 Gs. Class 742, 4463 Gs. Class 743, 4469 Gs. Class 744, 4475 Gs. Class 745, 4481 Gs. Class 746, 4487 Gs. Class 747, 4493 Gs. Class 748, 4499 Gs. Class 749, 4505 Gs. Class 750, 4511 Gs. Class 751, 4517 Gs. Class 752, 4523 Gs. Class 753, 4529 Gs. Class 754, 4535 Gs. Class 755, 4541 Gs. Class 756, 4547 Gs. Class 757, 4553 Gs. Class 758, 4559 Gs. Class 759, 4565 Gs. Class 760, 4571 Gs. Class 761, 4577 Gs. 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Class 812, 4883 Gs. Class 813, 4889 Gs. Class 814, 4895 Gs.





THE ENGLISH WHEAT CROP is estimated by most authorities as between nine-and-a-half and ten million qrs. The *Miller* gives a list of estimates, and averages them at 9,638,605 qrs., its own estimate being 9,676,240 qrs. The yield in the principal wheat-growing counties is reckoned as follows:—Kent, 292,000 qrs.; Sussex, 298,500 qrs.; Hampshire, 280,000 qrs.; Wiltshire, 270,000 qrs.; Devonshire, 247,500 qrs.; Gloucestershire, 245,000 qrs.; Yorkshire, 750,000 qrs.; Northamptonshire, 238,315 qrs.; Hertfordshire, 217,500 qrs.; Lincolnshire, 960,000 qrs.; Norfolk, 668,000 qrs.; Suffolk, 480,000 qrs.; Cambridgeshire, 499,500 qrs.; and Essex 600,000 qrs. Thus there are fourteen English counties which grow over 200,000 qrs. of wheat, which is about the quantity grown in Scotland, in Ireland, and also in Wales. Not Rutland but Westmoreland is the smallest wheat-growing county.

ENGLISH WHEAT SALES during the cereal year which ended 31st August were somewhat larger than had been anticipated. Authorities differ as to the cause, one agricultural journal asserting that the yield of 1888 was underestimated, while another is of opinion that the reserves left over from the good crop of the Jubilee Year were unusually large. The total sales of 1888-9 were 7,631,683 qrs., against 8,022,761 qrs. in 1887-8 and 6,657,188 qrs. in 1886-7. The deliveries from farmers in the different months have been: September, 256,738 qrs.; October, 973,243 qrs.; November, 675,879 qrs.; December, 835,563 qrs.; January, 586,520 qrs.; February, 610,725 qrs.; March, 698,172 qrs.; April, 748,005 qrs.; May, 713,442 qrs.; June, 533,160 qrs.; July, 519,561 qrs.; and August, 500,675 qrs.

qrs. The good supplies of April and May constituted the chief feature of the season, and, after this, the smallness of the deliveries in January and February.

HARVEST in England includes other crops besides wheat, and there is no doubt that the leading cereal absorbs a good deal more than its due share of notice. It is this concentration of attention on one crop, and that an intensely sun-loving one, that causes the public to reckon all rainy years as times of agricultural disaster, and all hot years as propitious. Hay, however, is a more important harvest than wheat, being worth to the country quite three times the value of the wheat production. Oats are also a very important crop, grown over a large acreage, and yielding more heavily to the acre on many lands. The root crops are also extremely valuable. Now all these three crops are very satisfactory this season, and live stock are also doing well; so that, even though we have had a cool and rainy August, and a sadly-interrupted wheat harvest, the agricultural outlook remains on the whole good.

BARLEY is a rather disappointing yield. On a good deal of heavy clay land—where it is grown, though hardly with wisdom—it will be, or is, scarcely worth cutting, and a good deal of it is very thin in grain. On warm loams the yield, however, is frequently very good, only the grain stood during August till it was over-ripe, and there was a great deal beaten down by rain in the course of the month. The number of stained and discoloured samples this season will be very large; nevertheless some good barley, fit for the finest ale, has undoubtedly been produced. The crop as a whole, however, will be of very doubtful profit, for the difference in price between malting barley and that only fit for grinding is very serious, and it is on the proportion of the former to the later in any given season, rather than on the total of production, that the farmers' remuneration depends.

STAFFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW was held this year at Walsall, and the weather was very hot and fine, so that a good attendance was commanded. The agricultural horses were a good show. The cattle were, unfortunately, confined to shorthorns. We

should have thought that the Herefords would have put in not only an appearance at any big Show west of the Trent, but have made a good display. The shorthorns were very good. The rams shown by Mr. Joseph Beach attracted the chief attention in the sheep classes, but there was a first rate general display of the Shropshire breed, the exhibitors of really fine pens being too numerous to particularise. The Tamworth pigs were a capital exhibition, and the Berkshires were hardly inferior as instances of good breeding and condition. The total number of entries at the Show was considerably in excess of last year's figures.

GRAIN PRICES.—English wheat is now quoted at 31s. 2d. against a septennial average of 36s. 2d., barley 24s. 6d. against 30s. 2d., and oats 19s. 6d. against 19s. 11d. These figures come home to the farmer and the parson more nearly than to the rest of us, but the gradual exhaustion of the resources of the cultivator is none the less certain, because it is a slight ebb from year to year. At the prices above quoted the loss on barley growing is not great, and on oats probably there is no loss, if very little gain. But the three averages taken together give a total which is under the farmer's outlay. The economic bearings of this state of affairs cannot be otherwise than serious. The average price of English wheat for the cereal year ended August 31st was 30s. 8d. only, and for the year preceding it was 31s. 1d. per quarter. And there seems no prospect of recovery or advance.

SPROUTING is one of the chief dangers to which grain is exposed in a wet season, but the danger is largely dependent on the temperature. Matured grain, according to the observations of Mr. Evershed, soon sprouts in wet, warm weather, and a loss of weight and quality is the result, but during the wet weather of this last August the temperature was for the most part too low to encourage any sprouting. Generalisation, however, is difficult, for some varieties of wheat have been discovered to sprout at a lower temperature than others. The square-head wheat has a very bad reputation in this respect, and so has Piper's Thickset, an Eastern Counties' variety, which but for this drawback would have much to recom-

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"WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO."—Milton.

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The Conditions laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these:—

Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.

"Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE."—SMILES.

## SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY:

"Come the four corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,  
If England to herself do rest but true."

THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

What Higher Duty can Man attain, than Conquest over Human Pain?

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers, acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

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"During the Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid Cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' 'Take,' he said, 'an old soldier's advice; so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and woke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, 'You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,' said the Colonel, 'I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayooabs.' After that the Colonel was always called 'Old Eno.'"

From "MESS STORIES" by PROTEUS, pp. 126-127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

The value of "ENO'S FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose, without it Life is a Sham.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a Poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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equal in appearance to finest Indian Silk, may be had in Printed or Plain Colours. Every shade guaranteed perfectly fast. Washes beautifully for Patterns of this lovely Material.

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mend it. The dampness of both July and August being remembered, the three evils of sprouting, of rust, and of mildew, are far less prevalent in the wheat and grain crops than we had feared they would be.

**BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.**—Entries for the important Annual Show of this Society closes on the 9th inst., and intending exhibitors should write at once to Mr. W. Young, 191, Fleet Street. The prize list of the show is a liberal one both for live stock and for dairy produce. There are classes for Shorthorns, Devons, Red Polls, Jerseys, Guernseys, Ayrshires, and Kerrys, and there is also a useful General Class. Selling classes are a new feature which has much to recommend it, but the show of bulls is of indirect bearing on the objects of the Society, and must be held to trench upon the just territory of the different cattle-breeding societies on the one hand, and of the county Agricultural Shows on the other. The show of pigs appears also to be "a work of supererogation." The Exhibition opens at Islington on October 1st, and lasts till the 7th.

A **PLAGUE OF BEES** afflicts a newly-opened railway in Central India—the Jhansi extension. When the passengers approach the Betwa viaduct, they are cautioned to close the windows, as numbers of bees have built in the viaduct, and refuse to quit. The passage of the bridge is therefore most unpleasant, especially, we should imagine, for the engine-drivers and their assistants, who cannot retire behind closed windows.

**NEW MUSIC**  
**MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.**—Our title scarcely applies to "A Unique Collection of 225 Scotch Songs," all of which are old friends; some, in fact, are quite traditional. Under the title of "Kyle's Scottish Lyric Gems," a very elegantly got-up volume, bound in scarlet and gold, has just been published by Joseph Ferrie, of Glasgow. It will prove one of the most welcome gift-books of the coming season. The pianoforte accompaniments and general arrangements are by T. S. Gleadhill, to whom the task has evidently been a labour of love; hence it is well and carefully carried out. A special feature of this work is that each song is complete on two pages, thus obviating the need for turning over. The print is small, but very clear. In glancing down the index, we find no old favourites missing. Some of the songs, which were too high for an ordinary soprano voice, are published a third lower than the original key. A long and successful career may be anticipated for this excellent work.

THE NEW PALACE AT STRASSBURG, which the German Emperor and Empress inaugurated during their recent visit to Alsace, is noteworthy as being the first Imperial Palace of the Hohenzollerns, and their first homestead in the recovered provinces. It has been built in five years by exclusively national labour, chiefly Alsatian and South German.

**BOOKS FOR OUTWARD-BOUND SHIPS.**—The Missions for Seamen again ask for old books, magazines, and various periodicals for the use of Jack afloat, as their stock is entirely exhausted. Thanks chiefly to the appeals published in the newspapers, the Society last year received sufficient literature to provide 1,090 merchant and fishing vessels with small libraries, and the crews are truly grateful for any kind of reading to occupy many dull hours at sea. White "crash" bags made the size of a *Graphic* are also wanted to hold the papers in the forecastle library, and contributions, both of literature and bags, will be gratefully received by Commander Dawson at the office, 11, Buckingham Street, W.C.

MUCH has been written about the enterprise displayed by the settlers in Manitoba, which only a few years since was a veritable Lone Land, but which is now fast filling with a thriving Anglo-Saxon population. Nor is this enterprise confined to agricultural matters, as we have to acknowledge the receipt of a capital little illustrated journal, the *Manitoba Colonist*, published monthly at Winnipeg, and which gives much interesting and valuable information regarding places, people, and events in Western Canada. The illustrations this month include a view of Portage La Prairie, Main Street, Winnipeg, Birtle, a Homestead in the Brandon District, the Alberta Cattle Ranch, a Grand Catch of Speckled Trout made on the Nepigon River, and a view of Foot Hills and Bow River, Rocky Mountains. The editor offers to answer any questions about Manitoba that his readers may like to ask, free of charge. We wish our contemporary all success.



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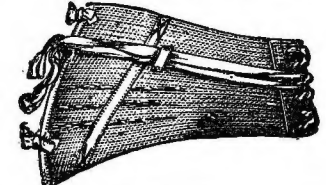
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**CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA.**

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**THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London,** reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

**FROM THE VICEROY'S Chemists,** Simla, January 5, 1886.

**J. T. DAVENPORT, London.**  
Dear Sir,—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and so from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.  
We are, Sir, faithfully yours  
**SYMES AND CO.,**  
Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain.  
His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—*See the Times*, July 13, 1884.

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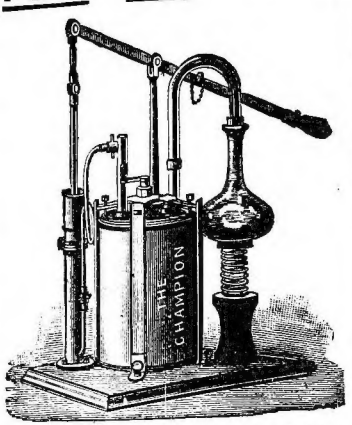
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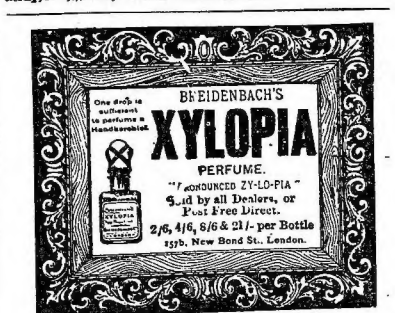
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All communications are considered strictly private, and should be addressed to the  
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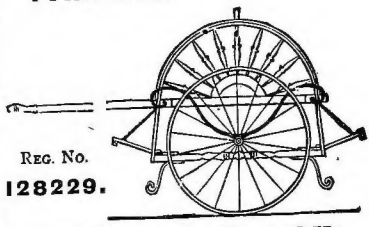
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HUDSON'S SOAP  
INSURES THE LUXURY OF  
PURE CLEAN CLOTHES



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Lawns, Laces, Linen  
Shirts, Collars, Sheets,  
Tablecloths, Towels, &c.,  
keep a good colour if  
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HUDSON'S SOAP.  
Hudson's leaves no Smell.  
Excellent for washing  
Flannels and Woollen  
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Clothes washed with  
HUDSON'S SOAP are  
beautifully sweet, whole-  
some, lily-white, and fresh  
as Sea Breezes. No fray-  
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No Hard Rubbing,  
Scrubbing, Brushing, or  
Straining necessary.

## SCOURING.

Ease, Speed, Pleasure,  
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SON'S SOAP—very little  
scrubbing and no drudg-  
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conies, and Window-sills  
will always look nice if  
washed down with HUD-  
SON'S SOAP.

Hudson's removes all  
obstinate dirt.

Greasy marks and  
stains disappear like  
magic.

## HUDSON'S SOAP

Is a pure Dry Soap in  
Fine Powder, in 1 lb.,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. packets,  
makes a foaming lather,  
and keeps the clothes a  
good colour.

## HUDSON'S SOAP

Is excellent for Washing  
Flannels and Woollen  
Underclothing, as well  
as Linen, Shirts, Collars,  
Sheets, Tablecloths, &c.

## HUDSON'S SOAP

For washing up. Hud-  
son's is as good for  
Plates, Dishes, Knives,  
Forks, &c., as for Wash-  
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leaves No Smell.

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Though you Rub! Rub! Rub!  
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You'll find that it's not in your power,  
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